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THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

Sil. *O heaven!*
Pro. *I'll force thee yield to my desire*

V. 4, TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Volume 3

Two Gentlemen of Verona
Comedy of Errors

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

The Two Gentlemen of Verona first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it immediately follows *The Tempest*, and occupies pp. 20–38; no evidence exists for an earlier edition. A list of the Dramatis Personæ, "The Names of all the Actors," is given at the end of the play. The text is on the whole free from corruptions; the most remarkable errors occur in II. v. 1; III. i. 81; V. iv. 129; where "Padua" and "Verona" are given instead of "Milan." These inaccuracies are probably due to Shakespeare's MS.; the poet had evidently not revised this play as carefully as his other early efforts.

Several critics are inclined to attribute the final scene to another hand; it bears evident signs of hasty composition, and Valentine's renunciation comes as a shock to one's sensibilities. It must, however, be borne in mind that the theme of Friendship *versus* Love was not uncommon in Elizabethan literature; perhaps the best example is to be found in the plot of Lyly's *Campaspe*, where Alexander magnanimously resigns the lady to Apelles. Shakespeare in his *Sonnets* XL, XLI, XLII, makes himself enact the part of Valentine to his Protean friend:—

> "Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
> What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
> No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call.
> All mine was thine before thou hadst this more."

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The only allusion to the play previous to its insertion in the First Folio is in the *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, where Meres

places it first among the six comedies mentioned. Its date cannot be definitely fixed. The following general considerations place it among the earliest of Shakespeare's productions, *i.e. circa* 1590–1592:—the symmetrical arrangement of the characters; the unnaturalness of some of its incidents, especially the abrupt *dénouement;* the finely finished regularity of the blank verse, suggestive of lyrical rather than of dramatic poetry, and recalling the thoughts and phraseology of the sonnets (I. i. 45–50 and *Sonnets* LXX, XCV; IV. iv. 161 and *Sonnet* CXXVII); the alternate rhymes; the burlesque doggerel; the quibbles; and the fondness for alliteration.

SOURCES OF THE PLAY

The greater part of the play seems ultimately derived from the *Story of the Shepherdess Filismena* in the *Diana* of Montemayor (a Portuguese poet and novelist, 1520–1562). Bartholomew Yonge's translation of the work, though published in 1598, was finished some sixteen years before (*cp. Shakespeare's Library*, ed. Hazlitt, vol. I. part i.). There were other translations of the whole or part of the romance by Thomas Wilson (1595–6) and by "Edward Paston, Esquire" (mentioned by Yonge).

Probably Shakespeare was not directly indebted to Montemayor; as early as 1584–5 a play was acted at Greenwich "on the Sondaie next after newe yeares daie at night," entitled *The History of Felix and Philiomena;* where Felix is certainly the "Don Felix" of the *Diana*, and "Philiomena" is a scribal error for "Filismena." Shakespeare's play may very well have been based on this earlier production.

Bandello's Novel of *Appolonius and Sylla*, which was translated by Richie (1581), may have suggested certain incidents (*cp.* Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, Vol. I. part i.); Sidney's *Arcadia* (Book I. ch. vi.) may possibly be the original of Valentine's consenting to lead the robber-band, and the speech at the beginning of the scene (V. iv.) in

praise of Solitude may also have been suggested by a passage in the same book.

THE FORM OF THE PLAY

In order to understand the form of *The Two Gentlemen* —probably the first of Shakespeare's plays dealing with love-intrigue—the reader must remember that it links itself to the pre-Shakespearean romantic dramas based on Italian love-stories; but these earlier dramas are rare. The best example of the kind extant is without doubt a very scarce production, registered in the books of the Stationers' Company 1584 (and printed soon after), entitled "*Fidele and Fortune: the Receipts in Love discoursed in a Comedie of ij Italian Gentlemen, translated into English*" (by A. M., *i.e.* probably Anthony Munday). This crude effort may certainly be regarded as one of the most valuable of the prototypes of the Shakespearean romantic plays; it has hitherto been strangely neglected; (*cp.* Extracts, printed by Halliwell in his *Illustrations to the Literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries* [1]). One is inclined to think that Shakespeare is indebted for something more than the title of his first love-play to *The Two Italian Gentlemen.* In this connection it is perhaps noteworthy that Meres, as early as 1598, and Kirkman, as late as 1661, mention Shakespeare's play as *The Gentlemen of Verona.* This was perhaps customary in order to distinguish it from Munday's translated drama.

FORWARD-LINKS

The play contains many hints of incidents and characters more admirably developed in later plays; *e.g.* the scenes between Julia and her maid Lucetta at Verona anticipate the similar talk between Portia and Nerissa at Belmont; Julia's disguise makes her the first of Shakespeare's

[1] Halliwell printed certain scenes in order to illustrate the witchcraft in *Macbeth;* it is remarkable that he did not notice the real value of the play.

best-beloved heroines, Portia, Jessica, Rosalind, Viola, Imogen; Valentine's lament (Act III. sc. i. ll. 170–187), with its burden of "banished," is heard again as Romeo's death-knell; the meeting of Eglamour and Silvia at Friar Patrick's cell suggests the meeting-place of the two star-crossed lovers at Friar Laurence's.

Launcelot Gobbo owes much to his namesake Launce, and something also to Speed, whose description of the various signs whereby one may know a lover finds development in the character of Benedick.

DURATION OF TIME

The Time covered is seven days on the stage, with intervals between scenes and acts:—Day 1: Act I. sc. i. and ii.; interval of a month or perhaps sixteen months (*cp.* iv. 1–21). Day 2: Act I. sc. iii. and Act. II. sc. i. Day 3: Act II. sc. ii. and iii.; interval, Proteus's journey to Milan. Day 4: Act II. sc. iv. and v.; interval of a few days. Day 5: Act II. sc. vi. and vii. Act III. and Act IV. sc. i.; interval, including Julia's journey to Milan. Day 6: Act IV. sc. ii. Day 7: Act IV. sc. iii. and iv. and Act V. (*cp.* Daniel, *New Shakespeare Society's Transactions*, 1877–79).

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

Vast labor and research have been spent in endeavors to ascertain the times when Shakespeare's several plays were written, and the sources whence his plots and materials were drawn. The subject is certainly very curious and interesting, not only in reference to the Poet's external history, but as illustrating the growth and progress of the greatest individual mind that hath reported itself in human speech. And, though the desired results have seldom been reached, enough has been done to pay the labor: even where the end has not been gained, such approximations have been often made as amply vindicate the undertaking; and in overhauling the musty records of antiquity, along with much that is valuable only or chiefly as bearing upon something else, much has also been brought to light, that is of rare value in itself. Thus Shakespeare, ever fresh and ever young himself, keeps alive many things which it is for our interest not to let die; he being, as it were, the master of ceremonies to bring us acquainted with the great spirits that cluster and revolve around him.

We are apt to think of Shakespeare too much as an abstraction of intellectual power, with whom the ordinary laws and processes of mental life and action had little or nothing to do. He must indeed have been a prodigious infant, yet an infant he unqestionably was; and had to proceed by the usual paths from infancy to manhood, how unusual soever may have been the ease and speed of his passage. Dowered perhaps with such a portion of genius as hath fallen to no other mortal, still his powers had to struggle through the common infirmities and encumbrances of our nature. For, assuredly, his mind was not born

full-grown and ready-furnished for the course and service of Truth, but had to creep, totter, and prattle; much study, observation, experience, in short, a long, severe *tentative* process being required to insinew, and discipline, and regulate his genius into power. Had he been naturally free from inward insufficiencies, still he was beset with clogs and draw-backs from without: to act upon the age as he did, he must needs have been more or less acted upon by it; and even had he been able to start from the point where he ended, it was impracticable for him to do so, since in that case he would have been too far ahead of those for whom he wrote to take them along with him. And such, no doubt, were the very trials and chastenings whereby he came to be

> "of a rectified spirit,
> By many revolutions of discourse refin'd
> From all the tartarous moods of common men!
> . . . . . most severe
> In fashion and collection of himself;
> And then as clear, and confident as Jove."

Dryden rather oddly represents the Poet's ghost as saying,

> "Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous age,
> I found not, but created first, the stage:"

but this is far from true, the ghost being made to utter Dryden's thoughts, not Shakespeare's. For, though the least that he did may be worth more than all that was done before him, and his poorest performances surpass the best of models; it is nevertheless certain that his task was but to continue and perfect what others had begun. Not only were the three forms of comedy, history, and tragedy in use on the English stage, but the elements of these were to some extent blended in the freedom and variety of the Romantic Drama; though of course in nothing like the purity and harmony wherein he presented them. The usage, also, of dramatic blank-verse stood up inviting his adoption; there being scarce any variety of

measure, or pause, or cadence, of which Marlowe had not set the example: though no one before or since has come near Shakespeare in the mastery of its capabilities,—in the ever-varying, never-tiring fluctuation of his verse; his genius being an inexhaustible spring of both mental and verbal modulation. Nor can this be rightly regarded as any alleviation of his task, or any abatement of his fame. For to work thus with materials and upon models already prepared, without being drawn down to their level and subdued to their quality, asks a higher order and exercise of power, than to strike out in a way and with a stock entirely new. And herein it is that the absorbing, and purifying, and quickening virtue of Shakespeare's genius is best seen: he had not a drama to create in any of its forms or elements, but a drama to regenerate and rectify, —to inform its shapes with life and grace, to temper and mould its elements in the happy symmetry and proportion of living art. Thus his work naturally linked in with the whole past: in his hands the collective thought and wisdom of ages were smelted out of the earth and dross wherein they lay imbedded, and wrought into figures of undecaying beauty; and the extraction and efficacy of centuries were treasured up in his pages.

It can hardly be questioned that *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was among the earliest-written of our author's plays. This is apparent from the internal evidence: the frequency of rhymes, the comparative want of variety, and the general smoothness of the versification showing that he had not yet grown to a just reliance on his own strength, and to the free working of his powers; that he was rather looking at his models than overseeing them,—rather mastered by them than mastering them and rising upon them. Compared to the plays of what is termed his third or even his second period, the poetry, rich as it is, has more of a lyrical than dramatic cast; particular parts and passages, though often full of beauty, are less subordinated to the whole, and seem more as if used for their own sake; the general style and structure is loose, unvital, inorganic; and

we miss the close-knitting of thought and image, the subtle and sinewy discourse, and the "working words," that give such matchless energy and operation to his later and riper performances. Hence, no doubt, the persuasion of certain men, that Shakespeare had little share in the making of this play. Concerning whom Mr. Collier says, "The notion of some critics, that *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* contains few or no marks of Shakespeare's hand, is strong proof of their incompetence to form a judgment." Wherein we agree with him; for Shakespeare's marks are set all over the play: but they are the marks of his "prentice hand," though such as no prentice hand but his could have put into it; the play, especially in the more comic parts, poor as these are beside others from the same source, as much outstripping any thing done before him as it falls short of what he afterwards did.

The internal evidence is corroborated by whatsoever of external evidence hath come down to us. Of the plays mentioned by Francis Meres in his *Wit's Treasury*, published in 1598, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* stands first in the list. He says: "As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins; so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage. For comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love's Labor's Lost*, his *Love's Labor Won*,[1] his *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and his *Merchant of Venice;* for tragedy, his *Richard II*, *Richard III*, *Henry IV*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*." Supposing Meres to include both parts of *Henry IV*, and adding the three parts of *Henry VI*, which were written before this date, we have sixteen plays out of thirty-seven, when the author was in his thirty-fourth year. Which, unless we attribute to him such a facility and fluency of pen as neither the reason of the thing nor the facts of the case will warrant, will force us to set his first efforts at play-making back

[1] The original title of All's Well That Ends Well.

to an earlier period in his life than is generally supposed. Nor, considering his aptitudes for the work, is it at all unlikely that he made some attempts that way even before he left Stratford: at all events, that some of the plays which we now have were written before the end of his twenty-fourth year, seems hardly questionable. And if it seem extraordinary that so young a man should have produced *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, how much more extraordinary is it that a man of whatsoever age should have written *Lear!*

In 1589 Shakespeare, at the age of twenty-five, was a joint proprietor of the Blackfriars theater;—a place which he could hardly have won but by ability and usefulness in the offices pertaining to such an establishment. And where was he so likely to be able and useful as in the field where he has so far surpassed all other men?

In 1592 appeared *A Groatsworth of Wit*, by Robert Greene, which contains an unmistakable allusion to Shakespeare. It was written amidst the anguishes of a death-bed repentance, the author's purpose being to dissuade "those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance," from "spending their wits in making plays;" to which end he uses this argument: "For there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his 'tiger's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide' supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute Johannes Fac-totum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." The words in the single quotes are a parody of a verse in Henry VI, "O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a *woman's* hide;" which goes still further to ascertain the writer's aim. And the fair inference is, that Shakespeare was known as a sort of Do-all, a Fac-totum, who could turn his hand to any thing, and beat Greene and his associates in the very walks where they severally excelled; and that he was successful not only as a writer, but as an adapter and improver of plays: in which latter quality he had perhaps overhauled some of their writings, and thrown the authors into the shade by adding more to

them than they were originally worth; thus getting beautified with their feathers because he had feathers still more beautiful of his own. As the three parts of *Henry VI*, and perhaps *Titus Andronicus*, were in fact adapted from preëxisting stock copies, into which Shakespeare distilled something of the life and spirit of his genius, it is quite probable that Greene and those whom he addresses had, jointly or severally, a hand in writing them.

Soon after *A Groatsworth of Wit* was written and before it was published Greene died; and a few months later Henry Chettle, his fellow-dramatist, and his publisher, put forth a book entitled *Kind-heart's Dream*, wherein he regrets the attack on Shakespeare, "because myself have seen his demeanor no less civil, then he excellent in the quality he professes: besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art." It is considerable that at this time Shakespeare had published nothing, his *Venus and Adonis* not being issued till the following year, 1593. Yet he was distinguished for "his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art;" from which it would seem that he was best known in the lighter and finer graces of poetry, his mastery of its deeper powers being as yet either unattained or unappreciated. How was he so likely to win such a reputation as by plays like *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Love's Labor's Lost*, and *The Comedy of Errors*, where quips, and quirks, and clenches meet us in showers at every turn? the persons having apparently set out to "act freely, carelessly, and capriciously, as if their veins ran with quicksilver; and not utter a phrase but what shall come forth steept in the very brine of conceit, and sparkle like salt in fire;" yet the redundant facetiousness is every where touched with a grace at that time unexampled on the English stage.

All which amply warrants the conclusion, that Shakespeare was "our pleasant Willy," whom Spenser, in his *Tears of the Muses*, published in 1591, speaks of as

"the man whom Nature's selfe had made,
To mock herselfe, and Truth to imitate."

And again, after complaining that

"Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth the Learned's taske upon him take:

"But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen
Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldness of such base-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell."

The Two Gentlemen of Verona was probably one of the "streames" that drew forth this no less appropriate than beautiful tribute from the great sweet poet of Faery Land. For even in the plays, which we suppose to have been written before this period, there are frequent touches of that inexpressible sweetness and delicacy of spirit which won him the name, "my gentle Shakespeare," and which comes out in all his works, like the unconscious issues of a mind

"As gentle as the stroking wind
Runs o'er the gentler flowers."

The Two Gentlemen of Verona was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it follows next *The Tempest.* No note has been discovered of the performance of this play during the author's life. Doubtless it was brought upon the stage, for the Poet had no thought of writing dramas merely for the closet: but if it had been acted as often as his other plays, we should most likely have some record of its performance, as we have in the case of so many of the others. Notwithstanding its superiority in character and poetry to any plays then in use from other hands, perhaps its comparative excess of the rhetorical over the dramatic elements made it less popular in that most action-loving age, than many far below it in all other respects. This lack of success on the boards may also account in part for its freedom from the inequalities we find in sev-

eral of his earlier plays; as, for example, in *Love's Labor's Lost* and *All's Well That Ends Well* there are parts and passages where both the tone of the thought and the structure of the verse evince a pitch of mastership that had not been reached when the plays were originally written. It was then quite common for a play, when brought out anew, to be revised and retouched either by the author or by some other hand; and some of Shakespeare's are known to have undergone this process much to their advantage. Which was probably the cause of the inequalities in question;—a cause that would not be likely to operate, unless there were call for the revival of a play.

No novel or romance has been found, to which Shakespeare could have been *much* indebted for the plot or matter of the play before us. In the part of Julia and her maid Lucetta there are indeed some points of resemblance to the *Diana* of Jorge de Montmayor, a Spanish romance at that time very popular in England, and of which an English version by Bartholomew Yonge was published in 1598. The *Diana* is one of the books spared from the bonfire of Don Quixote's library, because, in the words of the Priest who superintends the burning, "They do not deserve to be burnt like the rest, for they cannot do the mischief that those of chivalry have done: they are works of genius and fancy, and do nobody any hurt." The part from which Shakespeare is thought to have borrowed is the story of Felismena, the heroine: "My father having early followed my mother to the tomb, I was left an orphan. Henceforth I resided with a distant relative; and, at the age of seventeen, fell in love with Don Felix, a young nobleman of the province where I lived. The object of my affections felt a reciprocal passion; but his father, having learned the attachment between us, sent his son to court with a view to prevent our union. Soon after his departure I followed him in the disguise of a page, and on the night of my arrival discovered, by a serenade I heard him give, that he had disposed of his affections. Not being recognized, I was taken into his service, and en-

gaged to conduct the correspondence with the mistress who had supplanted me in his heart." Though Yonge's version of the *Diana* was not published till 1598, several years after the probable date of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona;* yet the story was generally well known; parts of it were translated in Sidney's *Arcadia*, which came out in 1590; and there is good reason to think that the *History of Felix and Philiomena*, which was acted at court as far back as 1582, was a play founded on the story of Felix and Felismena. So that, granting Shakespeare to have followed the tale in question, he might well enough have been familiar with it long before Yonge's translation appeared. But the truth is, such and similar incidents were the common staple of romances in that age. And the same may be said touching the matter of Valentine's becoming captain of the outlaws; for which the Poet has been written down as obliged to the *Arcadia*. Excepting the *Diana*, there is no reason to think that Shakespeare was indebted to any thing but his own invention for the materials of the play under consideration.

Dr. Johnson remarks, that "in this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence." In proof of the ignorance he then adduces the Poet's violation of geography in making his persons pass from Verona to Milan by water, there being no such passage between those cities. This is one of the departures from fact which critics have been fond of quoting, in order, as would seem, to impeach or disrepute his science. But, inasmuch as Shakespeare's geography and chronology are always accurate enough when such accuracy will serve the purpose of this art, it seems rather questionable whether in this case his inaccuracy should be set down to ignorance. Perhaps, after all, he showed as much knowledge here as he meant to show; and he must have been ignorant indeed, not to know that his geography was incorrect. It should be borne in mind that his purpose was art, not science; that he spoke to the imagination rather than the understanding: which being the case, science itself would tell

him that literal or geographical truth was to be sacrificed, in so far as such sacrifice would serve the methods of imagination and the uses of art. Thus, by the laws of his work, the lower gives way to the higher: he facilitates the passage to Milan for the convenience of his hearers in that quality or capacity wherein he addresses them. And he knew well enough that they did not visit the theater to learn geography or chronology, but to see a vivid, truthful, lifelike representation of action, character and passion; and that nothing but a poor conceit of scientific accuracy would stick and boggle at such freedoms as art and imagination gladly allow.

The Two Gentemen of Verona betrays much the same unripeness in its characterization as we have remarked in its other qualities. Coleridge pronounces it "a sketch," and Hazlitt says it is "little more than the first outlines of a comedy loosely sketched in;" which expressions, though perhaps somewhat too general and sweeping, do not seem to strike very wide of the truth. The main exception is in the two clownish servants, who, though so inelegant and unrefined that Pope wanted to eject them from their place, display, to our mind, more truth and energy of characterization, than all the other persons put together. It is true, they are continually pelting those about them with very small wit, wherein they seem rather too much like one mind in two persons; but their wit, if such it may be called, is quite as good as that of their betters: from beneath their affectations we catch some tones of native humor: their talk, rude and undignified enough, still relishes of nature, and smells of the places where men actually walk. Launce, master of quibbles and cranks, with his warm heart and wagging tongue sobbing in parables and conceits, is a genuine sprout of the Poet's brain. The scene between him and his dog Crab, where he recounts the sins of the latter which he has taken upon himself, to save the poor brute from being cudgelled and killed, is one of those odd, touching, nonsensical things, such as we find nowhere but in Shakespeare and nature.

Launce and Speed, Proteus and Valentine, Julia and Silvia, seem designedly arranged by pairs, and have such a mixture of contrast and resemblance between them as might fitly serve to herald the matchless combinations that were still to come from the same cunning hand. Julia, seeking out and attending her faithless lover in the disguise of a page, and even making herself servant to his infidelity, is one of those exhibitions of female purity, sweetness, and devotion, wherein Shakespeare so far excels all other writers. Her innocence and gentleness are but the more apparent for the chill, rough atmosphere that threatens them; the Poet, here as elsewhere, multiplying the difficulties of the situation, the better to approve the beauty of the character. Perhaps the best excuse for her undertaking is, that she never dreams but her lover's heart is as far from fraud as her own, till she finds him with proofs to the contrary on his tongue. Julia, however, is little else than a dim foreshadowing of Imogen: we might almost call them the same person, now seen before, now after marriage; though, in the latter case, by a much clearer light. Perhaps, withal, Imogen has both more rectitude of thought and more delicacy of feeling, than to set forth on such an adventure with so little cause: for Julia has no persecution at home to drive her away, and her love seems rather unwise in not bearing the absence of its object, this being so manifestly for his good.—Silvia, though rather thin and unsubstantial, is a goodly, graceful figure. As strong in love perhaps as Julia; of demeanor not quite so pretty, but more becoming; a little more artful, and withal much more prudent and practical; though her virtue be far above suspicion, yet she raises a shrewd doubt whether the offers of a second lover would be so greatly unwelcome to her, but that he undertakes to supplant the first, instead of accepting a place beside him in her thoughts. In her disguise and flight there is no such appearance of turning romantic for the sake of romance, as strikes us in the case of Julia.

Proteus, truant to love, and thereby rendered false to

friendship, moves little feeling of any sort, as his faults appear to spring from the rank and undisciplined impulses of youth. His passion is evidently of the kind that thinks more of itself than of its object; and his much talking about it breeds in us a secret distrust of its quality from the first, as knowing,

> "When the blood burns, how prodigally the soul
> Lends the tongue vows:"

for which cause we do not wonder that it betrays him into something of baseness. But, though passion seduces him from truth and reason, the failure of his undertaking and Julia's heroic constancy recover him to them: love, overmastered in the absence of its object, resumes its sway in her presence; and experience brings him to the discovery of his own weakness, which is the beginning of wisdom, and the first stepping towards virtue.—In Valentine we have the rudiments, and something more, of a truly noble and beautiful character. His slowness to take the meaning of Silvia's artful and enigmatical invitations finely exemplifies the innate modesty of a true affection, that is kept from discerning the signs of a return by a sense of its own unworthiness.

And yet, for some cause or other, these persons do not greatly interest or move us; there being an appearance of art either in the characters themselves or in the delineation of them, that still beats back our sympathies, and keeps us from really feeling as in the presence of nature while with them. Nevertheless, the play, taken as a whole, illustrates with considerable skill the truant fickleness of human passion, and the weakness of human reason when opposed by passion, and at the same time depicts the beauty of maiden truth and constancy. Mr. Hallam sets it down as "probably the first English comedy in which characters are drawn from social life, at once ideal and true."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

VALENTINE AND PROTEUS

Two friends, Valentine and Proteus, are separating in the first scene. The names have already a significance, which hints at their opposite characters. Valentine, a good honest nature, is a man of action; urged by honor to go out into the world and into military and courtly service, he is traveling to Milan; he belongs to the simple and plain kind of country gentlemen, with no finely-sifted speech; with him heart and lips are one; his generosity knows no doubt; himself good, he deems the bad good also; his nature is not soon affected by any emotion, his acts are not disturbed by reflections. A golden friend, ready for every great sacrifice, he has yet never known affection for the other sex; on the contrary, his derision is provoked by the absorbing passion of his more excitable friend. Proteus, on the other hand, is a man of reflection, full of attractive virtues and faults, and of great mental capability. It is said of him that "of many good he is the best;" this goodness is exhibited throughout the piece (and this is a decided error) not in deeds, but only in the superiority of his talents. Entirely given up to love, completely filled with its desires and aspirations, he accuses himself of spending his days in "shapeless idleness;" thirsting for love as he is, he is in danger through selfishness and self-pleasing of renouncing his manly character; he appears as a youth of that young and tender wit, which, like "the most forward bud, is eaten by the canker ere it blow." The one-sidedness of each character is now to find its complement, as it were, as a corrective. Proteus

in the midst of his successful suit, is, to his despair, sent by his father to Valentine in Milan, in order like him to be "tutored in the world;" on the other hand, Valentine's original bent for "active deeds" meets with penance, as he himself calls it in Act ii. sc. 4, from the fact that in Milan, Silvia, the duke's daughter, falls in love with him. In the case of Valentine this new condition brings an increase of experience and refinement, which he appropriates after his own fashion; in that of Proteus the change causes a restraint, against which his self-loving nature struggles. The way in which both behave in this change of situation is developed in the finest manner from the original disposition of their characters. The honest, unsuspecting Valentine, occupied with manly dealings, must be sought after by love, if love is to touch him; the daughter of the duke, above all others, is able to fascinate him as an object which at the same time excites his aspiring ambition. But, as we should expect from him, he acts like a novice in the work of love; he betrays his increasing inclination by open "gazing," noticeable by all, and by imperious, offensive treatment of his rival Thurio. When she meets his modesty half way and woos him in her letter, he understands her not, and his servant Speed is obliged to explain her intention. His wont when he laughed to crow like a cock, when he walked to walk like one of the lions, is now passed away; his friend Proteus might now find matter for ridicule in the metamorphosis which love has effected. Since difference of position places obstacles to a union, with his peculiar want of consideration and readiness for action he enters on a plan for eloping with Silvia; instead of guarding himself from the snares of the duke, unsuspicious and confident he proceeds to entangle himself still further. When his plan of elopement has been punished with banishment, he surrenders himself passively and unhesitatingly to a band of outlaws; desperation urges him, the active life suits him, and the man who invites his company touches his heart by the similar fate which he too has suffered. Such is the extremity to which the treachery of his friend

has driven him. For Proteus, as soon as he had arrived at Milan, had at once forgotten his Julia. His love is, first and foremost, self-love. Completely absorbed in this one affection, arrived at Milan, and separated from Julia, his weak, love-seeking nature cannot endure for a moment the unusual void and desolation. Just as Romeo, rejected by his beloved, falls all the more violently in love with a new object, so does Proteus, when separated from Julia; he casts his eye on the beloved of his friend, and giving way to this one error, he falls from sin to sin, and runs the gauntlet of crime. Once befooled by the intoxication of the senses, he uses the finest sophistry to justify and to excuse his misdeeds. False and wavering, he forgets his oath to Julia, he ensnares the duke, he betrays his friend, he goes so far in baseness that he proposes slander as a means for making Silvia forget Valentine, and he himself undertakes the office of slanderer. His behavior towards his rival Thurio shows what a judge he is of love, with what power he practises the arts of love, and how secure and victorious he knows himself compared to such an adversary. He teaches him the secrets of love, well knowing that he understands them not; he, a poet himself, enjoins him to woo Silvia by "wailful sonnets," when he knows that he can only fashion miserable rhymes. In the amorous style of the three lovers, the poet has given us an excellent insight into their capacity for love. In the verses of Thurio we see a few paltry insipid rhymes, which German translators have too confidently received as a specimen of the genuine Shakespearean lyric. The poet possesses true poetry enough not to fear putting silly verses in the lips of the silly wooer, and thus, whilst he intentionally inserts a poem of no merit, he acquires the further merit of characterization. The poem which Valentine addresses to Silvia (Act iii. sc. 1) is of the same characteristic kind; composed in the usual conceit-style of love, it evidences tolerable awkwardness of rhyming talent, and is rather the work of the brain than the outpouring of excited feeling. Of Proteus' poem, we have only fragments and scat-

tered words, which Julia imparts to us from his torn letter: "kind Julia—love-wounded Proteus—poor, forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus, to the sweet Julia"—words sufficient to tell us that among the three this is the man who understands the true rhetoric of love. With this letter he had taken by storm the free heart of the unguarded, unsuspecting Julia; but so well does he understand the strategy of love, that towards Silvia, whose heart was given to Valentine, he needed more studied tactics; and for this reason he seizes every opening, procures himself helpers and allies in the father and the rival, and endeavors to insinuate himself by the cunning of slander. He has reckoned every point but that of a woman's character, which has as much masculine power about it as his own has feminine weakness.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

JULIA AND SILVIA

Sir Proteus and Sir Valentine, gentlemen twain and friends, of Verona, are enamoured respectively of Julia and Silvia: parallel in their loves,—for both find favor, and the lady of either is prepared to quit sire and home for their sakes without leave or leavetaking; they are as nearly parallel in their attendance,—Speed is the boy-page of Sir Valentine, and Launce waits after a genius and fashion of his own, upon Sir Proteus.

By usual fatality the fickle lover has gained a truly constant heart—for such is Julia's; and Julia is the most charming character in the play, and more than rudimentary of more than one of Shakespeare's most charming heroines. From her lips fall the lines of sweetest poetry in the play, expressive of the behavior of true affection in all circumstances; in difficulty, excited and lively; in prosperity and ease, availing itself only of such happiness to pursue its course—untarrying, undivergent, a beauty and a blessing; and varied in this manner by contingent fortunes, but ever in itself the same, is the affection of Julia and the history of its course.

Silvia, "hard beset" with lovers in her father's court, though she gives proof not to be excepted against that she loves Valentine, betrays not the less a tinge of the temper of her wooer Proteus. It must be said without disguise, that it was not absolutely necessary for her to give her picture to Proteus while she was upbraiding him with falsehood to his friend and to a former love; and if the act was not falsehood on her part towards Valentine, it was dangerous coquetry towards Proteus, and goes far to account for the interpretation he evidently put upon her coyness, when he had added the service of rescue from the robbers to former fervent protestations. Her bitter upbraidings are phenomena that Homer and Paris Alexander knew, and Proteus may therefore not unnaturally have thought, to be far less sincere than they may sometimes have sounded; and Valentine himself who unseen was looking on and listening at the scene, may have had his own apprehensions too, and interfered, it may be, to rescue Silvia scarcely more from Proteus than from herself. Thus may be, but only thus can be accounted for, the remainder of the scene; thus the more than Christian eagerness of pardon with which Valentine overwhelms the abashed Proteus, and the alacrity of his renunciation of all previous rights in the blushing damsel who has no word of recognition or gratitude to greet him with, but is tongue-tied to the end.

> "And that my love may appear plain and free,
> All that was mine in Silvia I give thee."
>
> —Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

SPEED AND LAUNCE

Only now and then, in one or two detached scenes, do Speed and Launce bore us with euphuistic word-torturings; as a rule they are quite entertaining fellows, who seem to announce, as with a flourish of trumpets, that, unlike either Lyly or Marlowe, Shakespeare possesses the inborn gaiety, the keen sense of humor, the sparkling playfulness, which

are to enable him, without any strain on his invention, to kindle the laughter of his audiences, and send it flashing round the theater from the groundlings to the gods. He does not as yet display any particular talent for individualizing his clowns. Nevertheless we notice that, while Speed impresses us chiefly by his astonishing volubility, the true English humor makes its entrance upon the Shakespearean stage when Launce appears, dragging his dog by a string.

Note the torrent of eloquence in this speech of Speed's, enumerating the symptoms from which he concludes that his master is in love:—

"First, you have learn'd, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master."

All these similes of Speed's are apt and accurate; it is only the way in which he piles them up that makes us laugh. But when Launce opens his mouth, unbridled whimsicality at once takes the upper hand. He comes upon the scene with his dog:—

"Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. . . . I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, my maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog; a Jew

would have wept to have seen our parting: why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father:—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so, neither:—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on 't! there 't is: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog;—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O! the dog is me, and I am myself: ay, so, so."

Here we have nothing but joyous nonsense, and yet nonsense of a highly dramatic nature. That is to say, here reigns that youthful exuberance of spirit which laughs with a childlike grace, even where it condescends to the petty and low; exuberance as of one who glories in the very fact of existence, and rejoices to feel life pulsing and seething in his veins; exuberance such as belongs of right, in some degree, to every well-constituted man in the light-hearted days of his youth—how much more, then, to one who possesses the double youth of years and genius among a people which is itself young, and more than young: liberated, emancipated, enfranchized, like a colt which has broken its tether and scampers at large through the luxuriant pastures.—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

LAUNCE AND HIS DOG

Launce is not a character manufactured by a playwright —one of "Nature's journeymen," to serve a particular purpose, but is a product of Nature's own handiwork, and if not the most cunning, still none the less genuine.

The close companionship which exists between him and his dog Crab is evidently one based upon a moral and intellectual fitness in the characters of the two. The clown is such by natural organization, and no education or change of circumstances or condition could make him otherwise.

So the dog Crab, even with the "gentleman-like dogs" among whom he has thrust himself, under the Duke's table, is nevertheless the cur which Nature made him; and we can scarcely conceive that even the cultivation of "three generations," which some high authorities have contended for as necessary to make a gentleman, would suffice to make a courtier of the one, or a "gentleman-like dog" of the other.—KELLOGG, *Shakespeare's Delineations of Insanity, Imbecility, and Suicide.*

BEAUTIES OF THE PLAY

This is little more than the first outlines of a comedy loosely sketched in. It is the story of a novel dramatized with very little labor or pretension; yet there are passages of high poetical spirit, and of inimitable quaintness of humor, which are undoubtedly Shakespear's, and there is throughout the conduct of the fable a careless grace and felicity which marks it for his. . . .

The tender scenes in this play, though not so highly wrought as in some others, have often much sweetness of sentiment and expression. There is something pretty and playful in the conversation of Julia with her maid, when she shows such a disposition to coquetry about receiving the letter from Proteus; and her behavior afterwards and her disappointment, when she finds him faithless to his vows, remind us at a distance of Imogen's tender constancy. Her answer to Lucetta, who advises her against following her lover in disguise, is a beautiful piece of poetry.

"*Lucetta.* I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extremest rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Julia. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns;
The current that with gentle murmur glides
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with th' enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge

He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium."

If Shakespeare indeed had written only this and other passages in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* he would almost have deserved Milton's praise of him—

"And sweetest Shakespear, Fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild."

But as it is, he deserves rather more praise than this.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Play.*

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PLAY

This piece I consider one of Shakspeare's earliest works. It is true that, as regards details, the play is rich in peculiar beauties, but, taken as a whole, we still observe a certain youthful awkwardness, and a want of depth in poetical execution. It is distinguished by an easy, smooth and harmonious flow of language, by a freshness, gaiety and *naïveté* of wit and humor (as in Speed and Launce), and by a delineation of character which is indeed sketchy, but nevertheless well given. Even the sharp contrast into which—as we have seen—Shakspeare is fond of placing his characters, and which he employs as the principle of his groupings, is here specially prominent in the characters of Proteus and Valentine, Julia and Silvia, Speed and Launce. But the very sharpness of these contrasts, and the carefully worked out parallels between the contrasted couples, betrays the youthful poet. Moreover, as a whole, the play makes the impression of superficiality; not only is the conception of life in general, but even the individual

thoughts are wanting in depth and breadth; tne several parts are not smoothly rounded off nor are they harmoniously connected. Much that ought to have been further developed is only hinted at, and the end, especially, is introduced so arbitrarily, and so hurriedly brought to a close that some English critics have conjectured that the piece was never actually finished. Excellent, indeed, is the manner in which the poet has contrived to make use of the materials indispensable to comic poetry—accident, caprice and error, inconsistency, weakness, folly and perversity; intrigue does predominate, it is true, but is borne along and supported by the fantastic elements of external and internal contingency. But the humor, which in Shakspeare's later comedies pervades the whole, and gives them their comic significance, is wanting; the poet is still too much absorbed in directing the course of the action, and in the delineation of the characters; we cannot help noticing the trouble which it has cost him to find the end and aim of his drama; in short, he is still too much engrossed with his actual work, and this checks the flight of his thought, and the free play of his imagination.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

Turning now from the thought of the play to its form, we are struck with what Shakespeare himself has described as "the even road of a blank verse"; we have such verse at intervals in others of the early plays, for instance, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:* but in this play alone is it consistently maintained from start to finish; it is the blank verse which is "end stopt," in which the accents fall evenly, and the syllables are definite in number. Of course it is occasionally varied by couplets, and by quatrains and other forms of verse for which Shakespeare may have found a precedent in the play of *The Two Italian Gentlemen* mentioned in the former section.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF MILAN, *Father to Silvia*
VALENTINE, } *the two Gentlemen*
PROTEUS, }
ANTONIO, *Father to Proteus*
THURIO, *a foolish rival to Valentine*
EGLAMOUR, *Agent for Silvia in her escape*
HOST, *where Julia lodges*
OUTLAWS, *with Valentine*
SPEED, *a clownish servant to Valentine*
LAUNCE, *the like to Proteus*
PANTHINO, *Servant to Antonio*

JULIA, *beloved of Proteus*
SILVIA, *beloved of Valentine*
LUCETTA, *waiting-woman to Julia*

Servants, Musicians

SCENE, *Verona; Milan; the frontiers of Mantua*

"Dramatis Personæ." "The names of all the actors" are given at the end of the play in the Folios; the form "Protheus" is invariably used for "Proteus," "Athonio" for "Antonio," and "Panthion" for "Panthino."—I. G.

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Proteus and Valentine are two young gentlemen of Verona and they are also intimate friends. Proteus is in love with a Veronese lady named Julia and for that reason refuses to accompany his friend to the court of Milan. But Antonio, the father of Proteus, desiring his son to know something of the world, sends him to join Valentine at Milan.

ACT II

Valentine meets and loves Silvia, the daughter of the Duke of Milan. Silvia favors him but the Duke has chosen Thurio for his daughter's husband. The young people plan to elope. Just then Proteus arrives and Valentine introduces him to Silvia. Proteus promises to aid Valentine in his suit, but inwardly, having forgotten his vows to Julia, he determines to supplant Valentine in Silvia's regard and to win her for himself. Julia, receiving no word from Proteus, disguises herself and her maid in male attire and goes to Milan in search of him.

ACT III

The Duke is informed by Proteus of the lovers' intended flight and banishes Valentine from his dukedom. Thurio makes no headway in his suit with Silvia and he also asks aid of Proteus.

ACT IV

Valentine on his way home from Milan falls in with a band of outlaws as he passes through a forest on the fron-

tiers of Mantua. These outlaws are pleased with the personality of Valentine and make him their captain. Julia arrives in Milan and with the assistance of a friendly innkeeper obtains service with Proteus as a page. He, in ignorance of her identity, employs her to take messages to Silvia, even sending her with the ring she herself had given him when they plighted their troth.

ACT V

By the aid of an old gentleman named Eglamour, Silvia escapes from her father's palace in an endeavor to join Valentine. As she enters the forest she is seized by an outlaw who attempts to take her to his captain. She is rescued by Proteus, attended by Julia. Proteus takes advantage of the situation to plead his love to Silvia, but is interrupted by the entrance of Valentine. Proteus, full of remorse for his conduct, craves pardon of Valentine. This is granted. Then the identity of Julia is discovered and she forgives Proteus for his faithlessness. At this point the Duke of Milan, who in his search for Silvia has been captured by other outlaws of the same band, is brought before Valentine. Valentine releases the Duke, who pardons him and all his band and consents to Silvia's marriage with Valentine.

THE
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Verona. An open place.

Enter Valentine and Proteus.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits
Were 't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honor'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lovest, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin. 10

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,

If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.
Val. And on a love-book pray for my success?
Pro. Upon some book I love I 'll pray for thee. 20
Val. That 's on some shallow story of deep love:
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.
Pro. That 's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.
Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swum the Hellespont.
Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.
Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;

18. A *"beadsman,"* as the word is here used, is one who offers up prayers for another's welfare. Thus we are told that Sir Henry Lee, upon retiring from the office of Champion to Queen Elizabeth, said, "his hands, instead of wielding the lance, should now be held up in prayer for Her Majesty's welfare; and he trusted she would allow him to be her *beadsman,* now that he had ceased to incur knightly perils in her service." *Bead* was the Anglo-Saxon word for *prayer,* and so gave name to the small wooden balls which were used in numbering prayers, and a string of which was called a *rosary.* Such appears to have been the origin of the name, if not of the thing, a string of beads.—H. N. H.

19. *"On a love-book pray for my success";* an allusion to the Roman Catholic custom of placing the beads on the prayer-book, and of counting the beads with the prayers. *"The love-book"* is in this case to take the place of the prayer-book; some have supposed that Shakespeare is here referring to Marlowe's *Hero and Leander,* which, however, though entered on the Stationers' Registers in 1593, was not printed till 1598, after which date many references occur to it in contemporary literature.—I. G.

27. A proverbial expression, now disused, signifying, "Don't make a laughing-stock of me." Perhaps deduced from a humorous punishment at harvest-home feasts in Warwickshire.—H. N. H.

Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading
moment's mirth 30
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labor won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you 'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool, 40
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes. 50
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu! my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love, and what news else

34. "*However.*" That is, either way; whether "haply won" or "lost."—H. N. H.

Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine. 60

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell.
[*Exit.*

Pro. He after honor hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me,
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master? 70

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep. 80

73. In Warwickshire, and some other counties, *sheep* is pronounced *ship*. Without this explanation the jest, such as it is, might escape the reader.—H. N. H.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.
Speed. This proves me still a sheep.
Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.
Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.
Pro. It shall go hard but I 'll prove it by another.
Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore I am no sheep. 90
Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd; the shepherd for food follows not the sheep: thou for wages followest thy master; thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.
Speed. Such another proof will make me cry 'baa.'
Pro. But, dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia? 100
Speed. Aye, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton, and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labor.

102. *"Laced mutton,"* we are told, "was so established a term for a courtesan, that a lane in Clerkenwell, much frequented by loose women, was thence called Mutton Lane." Speed apparently understands the person he is talking with, for it is observable that he uses no such language in his speech with Valentine; and the reason of his daring to speak thus respecting Julia is to be found in the nature of Sir Proteus' passion, which, though doubtless characteristic of him, is not very honorable to him.—H. N. H.

A in "laced" was nearly like that in "man"; this was also an affected pronunciation of ŏ. Hence the quibble *laced—lost* was less forced than it seems.—H. N. H.

Pro. Here 's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay: in that you are astray, 'twere best pound you. 110

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound,—a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she?

Speed. [*First nodding*] Aye.

Pro. Nod—Aye—why, that 's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: 120 and you ask me if she did nod; and I say, 'Aye.'

Pro. And that set together is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me? 130

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter, very orderly; having nothing but the word 'noddy' for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered. 140

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you 'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why, couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she 'll prove 150 as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones; for she 's as hard as steel.

Pro. What said she? nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as 'Take this for thy pains.' To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I 'll commend you to my master. 160

157. That is, you have given me a *testern.* Testern, now called tester, was a coin of sixpence value, first issued in England in 1542, and so named from having a *teste,* that is, a head, stamped upon it. It was introduced from France, and was originally 18d, but afterwards fell to 12d, 9d, and finally 6d, where it stuck.—H. N. H.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore.
[*Exit Speed.*
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.
[*Exit.*

Scene II

The same. Garden of Julia's house.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?
Luc. Aye, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.
Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?
Luc. Please you repeat their names, I 'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.
Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?
Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine; 10
But, were I you, he never should be mine.
Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?
Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.
Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!
Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?
Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 'tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.
Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest? 20
Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.
Jul. Your reason?
Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.
Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?
Luc. Aye, if you thought your love not cast away.
Jul. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never moved me.
Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.
Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.
Luc. Fire that 's closest kept burns most of all. 30
Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.
Luc. O, they love least that let men know their love.
Jul. I would I knew his mind.
Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.
Jul. 'To Julia.'—Say, from whom?
Luc. That the contents will show.

30. *"Fire"* is here a dissyllable. The play has other like examples: "But qualify the *fire's* extreme rage"; and again: "Trenched in ice, which with an *hour's* heat," &c. These and similar words were continually used thus by the poets of Shakespeare's time: and yet Steevens undertook to correct the Poet's measure in such cases by supplying another word!—H. N. H.

Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?
Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.
He would have given it you; but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray. 40
Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbor wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.
Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
Jul. Will ye be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlook'd the letter:
It were a shame to call her back again, 51
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say 'no' to that
Which they would have the profferer construe 'aye.'
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

41. *"Broker."* A matchmaker. It was sometimes used for a procuress.—H. N. H.

53. *"What fool is she";* the first three Folios read "what 'fool is she," indicating the omission of the indefinite article, a not uncommon Elizabethan idiom.—I. G.

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence, 60
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past.
What, ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship?
Jul. Is 't near dinner-time?
Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is 't that you took up so gingerly? 70
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didst thou stoop, then?
Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.
Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune. 80
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.
Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.
Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' love.'
Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

68. *"Stomach"* is here used in the double sense of *hunger* and *anger*.—H. N. H.

Jul. Heavy! belike it hath some burden, then?
Luc. Aye; and melodious were it, would you sing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach so high.
Jul. Let 's see your song. How now, minion!
Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like this tune. 90
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.
Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.
Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation.
[*Tears the letter.*
Go get you gone, and let the papers lie: 100
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleased

94. The simple air in music was called the *plain song,* or *ground;* the *descant* was what is now called *variations;* the *mean* what we call the *tenor.* This use of musical terms before a popular audience would seem to infer, which was indeed the case, that taste and knowledge in music was a characteristic trait of "merry England in the olden time." What with the sour fanaticism of the Commonwealth, and the licentiousness of the Restoration, both of which were equally fatal, this beautiful feature was so blasted, that it has never been fully recovered.—H. N. H.

97. Lucetta is still quibbling, and turns the allusion off upon the rustic game of *base,* or prison-base, in which one ran and challenged another to catch him.—H. N. H.

To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I 'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ 'kind Julia.' Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude, 110
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ 'love-wounded Proteus.'
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was 'Proteus' written down.
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear 120
Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,
'Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia':—that I 'll tear away.—

107. Shakespeare has given several proofs of a practical acquaintance with the economy of bees; some of which the naturalist as well as the poet may study with profit; as the fine description in *Henry V,* Act. i. sc. 2, "for so work the honey-bees," &c. He had doubtless observed how they "make boot upon the summer's velvet buds," and also how the "injurious wasps" plunder them, stinging them to death for the sweetness they yield. Knight says, "The metaphor of the pretty pouting Julia is as accurate as it is beautiful." —H. N. H.

And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, 130
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Aye, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come; will 't please you go? 140
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The same. Antonio's house.

Enter Antonio and Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

137. *"I see you have a month's mind to them";* Schmidt in his *Shakespeare Lexicon* explains the phrase "month's mind" as "a

Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some to discover islands far away;
Some to the studious universities. 10
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus your son was meet;
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,

woman's longing," as though the expression had its origin in the longing for particular articles of food shown by women, but this interpretation seems to have no authority. Johnson rightly remarks on this passage:—"A *month's mind,* in the ritual sense, signifies not desire or inclination, but remembrance; yet I suppose this is the true original expression."—I. G.

10. This passage is all alive with the spirit of Shakespeare's own time, when enterprise, adventure, and study were everywhere the order of the day, and all ranks were stirred with noble agitations; the mind's life being then no longer exhausted in domestic broils, nor as yet stifled by a passion for gain. And, to say nothing of foreign discoveries, where wonder and curiosity were ever finding new stores of food, and still grew hungry by what they fed on; or of Flemish campaigns, where chivalrous honor and mental accomplishment "kissed each other"; what a tremendous perturbation must have run through the national mind, what a noble fury must have enriched the nation's brain, to make it effervesce in such a flood as hath rolled down to us in the works of Spenser, Hooker, Shakespeare, and Bacon!—H. N. H.

And how he cannot be a perfect man, 20
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practice tilts and tournaments, 30
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised:
And that thou mayst perceive how well I like it
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

27. "Shakespeare has been guilty of no mistake in placing the emperor's court at Milan. Several of the first German Emperors held their courts there occasionally, it being at that time their immediate property, and the chief town of their Italian dominions."—Steevens.

30. Here again the Poet is alluding to the practices of his own time. At an earlier period, when war was expressly conducted by the laws of knighthood, "the tournay, with all its magnificence, its minstrels, and heralds, and damosels in lofty towers, had its hard blows, its wounds, and sometimes its deaths." But the tournaments of Shakespeare's time, and such as Proteus was sent to practice, were "the tournaments of gay pennons and pointless lances"; as magnificent indeed as the old knightly encounters, but "as harmless to the combatants as those between other less noble actors,—the heroes of the stage." The Poet had no doubt witnessed some of these "courtly pastimes," as held by Her Majesty in the Tilt-yard at Westminster, or by proud Leicester in the Tilt-yard at Kenilworth.—H. N. H.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem, 40
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
And, in good time! now will we break with him.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honor's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia! 50
Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?
Pro. May 't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish? 60
Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

44. That is, *break,* or *open,* the matter *to* him;—one of many instances showing how much the use of prepositions has changed. *To break with a person,* now wears a very different meaning. Antonio's words, *in good time,* refer to Proteus, whom he just then sees coming.—H. N. H.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go: 70
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay! to-morrow thou must go.
Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition.
[*Exeunt Ant. and Pan.*

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter, 80
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

87. It is curious to note with what accuracy as well as vividness the Poet here paints the manners of April. The play was written in his youth, when he was more at home with external nature than

Re-enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto, 90
And yet a thousand times it answers 'no.'
[*Exeunt.*

with man, his mind not having yet climbed the height of this latter argument. What a study is traced in the progress of his mind as the gay riches of vision gradually yielded to the sterner and solider riches of thought! the first, however, giving a promise of the last, and the last keeping up a remembrance of the first. The fine ecstasy with which, in his earlier plays, as in his poems, he dwells on the movements and aspects of nature has often sent our thoughts to a passage of Wordsworth, describing his youthful self:

> "For nature then
> To me was all in all. I cannot paint
> What then I was. The sounding cataract
> Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colours and their forms, were then to me
> An appetite; a feeling and a love."

—H. N. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Milan. The Duke's palace.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.
Val. Ha! let me see: aye, give it me, it 's mine:
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!
Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!
Val. How now, sirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.
Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?
Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook. 10
Val. Well, you 'll still be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.
Val. Go to, sir: tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?
Speed. She that your worship loves?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?
Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first,

2. *"On"* and *"one"* were anciently pronounced alike, and frequently written so.—H. N. H.

you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms, like a male-content; to 20 relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when 30 you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that 's certain, for without you were so simple, none else 40 would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that

27. *"Hallowmas."* The feast of All-hallows, or All Saints, at which time the poor in Staffordshire go from parish to parish *a souling,* as they call it; that is, *begging and puling,* (or singing small, as Bailey's Dictionary explains *puling,*) for soul-cakes, and singing what they call their souler's song. These terms point out the condition of this benevolence, which was, that the beggars should pray for the souls of the giver's departed friends.—H. N. H.

40. *"none else would"; i. e.* "no one else would perceive them."—I. G.

not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she, I mean. 50

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favored, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favored.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well favored. 60

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favor infinite.

Speed. That 's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed. 70

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.
Val. Why?
Speed. Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid 80 at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!
Val. What should I see then?
Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.
Val. Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.
Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, 90 which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.
Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.
Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.
Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.
Speed. And have you?
Val. I have.
Speed. Are they not lamely writ? 100
Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace! here she comes.

86. *"to put on your hose";* various suggestions have been made for the emendation of these words:—"to beyond your nose," "to put spectacles on your nose," "to put on your shoes," "to button your hose." It is not certain that a rhyming couplet was intended. Probably "unable to see to put on one's hose" was a proverbial expression meaning "unable to tell which leg to put into one's hose first," *i. e.* "not to have one's wits about one."—I. G.

Speed. [*Aside*] O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Enter Silvia.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. [*Aside*] O, give ye good even! here 's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand. 110

Speed. [*Aside*] He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully. 120

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much;
And yet—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;

103. A *"motion"* signified, in Shakespeare's time, a *puppet-show.* Speed means, what a fine puppet show shall we have now! Here is the principal *puppet* to whom my master will be the interpreter. The showman was then frequently called the interpreter.—H. N. H.

And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again:—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. [*Aside*] And yet you will; and yet another 'yet.'

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it? 130

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ;
But since unwillingly, take them again.
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Aye, aye: you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you;
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I 'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it 's writ, for my sake read it over,
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so. 140

Val. If it please me, madam, what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labor:
And so, good morrow, servant.

[*Exit.*

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her; and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,

That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself? 150

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure? 160

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir. But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter. 170

Val. That 's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I 'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;

Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time. 180

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Aye, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Verona. Julia's house.

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Giving a ring.*

Pro. Why, then, we 'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

179. *"for in print I found it."* Probably these lines are quoted from some old ballad or play, though their source has not yet been found. One cannot help thinking that Shakespeare is quoting from some play of the *Two Italian Gentlemen* type; the reprinted extracts contain passages strongly reminding one of these lines.—I. G.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake, 10
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now:—nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.
Julia, farewell! [*Exit Julia.*
What, gone without a word?
Aye, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.
Pro. Go; I come, I come. 20
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The same. A street.

Enter Launce, leading a dog.

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping,

my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet 10 did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I 'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father: no, this left shoe is my father: no, no, this left shoe is my mother: nay, that cannot be so either: yes, it is so, it is so, it 20 hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on 't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog: no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—Oh! the dog is me, and I am myself; aye, so, so. Now come I to my father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shoe speak a word 30 for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother: O, that she could speak now like a wood woman! Well, kiss her, why, there 'tis; here 's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the

34. *"a wood woman"*; the Folios read "a would woman"; Theobald first changed "would" into "wood" (*i. e.* mad); others "an ould (*i. e.* old) woman."—I. G.

moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Launce, away, away, abroad! thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What 's the matter? why weepest thou, man? Away, ass! you 'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer. 40

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Pan. What 's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that 's tied here, Crab, my dog. 50

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou 'lt lose the flood, and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage, and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and, in losing thy master, lose thy service, and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail!

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs. 60

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.
Launce. Sir, call me what thou darest.
Pan. Wilt thou go?
Launce. Well, I will [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Milan. The Duke's palac

Enter Silvia, Valentine, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. Servant!
Val. Mistress?
Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.
Val. Aye, boy, it 's for love.
Speed. Not of you.
Val. Of my mistress, then.
Speed. 'Twere good you knocked him. [*Exit.*
Sil. Servant, you are sad.
Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.
Thu. Seem you that you are not? 10
Val. Haply I do.
Thu. So do counterfeits.
Val. So do you.
Thu. What seem I that I am not?
Val. Wise.
Thu. What instance of the contrary?
Val. Your folly.
Thu. And how quote you my folly?

18. To *"quote"* is to mark, to observe. It was formerly pronounced and sometimes written *coate,* from the French; hence the quibble here upon the words *quote* and *coat.*—H. N. H.

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.
Thu. My jerkin is a doublet. 20
Val. Well, then, I 'll double your folly.
Thu. How?
Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change color?
Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.
Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.
Val. You have said, sir.
Thu. Aye, sir, and done too, for this time. 30
Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.
Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.
Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.
Sil. Who is that, servant?
Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company. 40
Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.
Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers, for it appears, by their

20. This is much the same as saying, in the wardrobe dialect of our day, My coat is a vest. The *jerkin, or jacket,* was generally worn over the *doublet;* but sometimes the latter was worn alone, and so confounded with the former. Sometimes both had sleeves, sometimes neither, and in the latter case sleeves were separate articles of dress.—H. N. H.

bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:—here comes my father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father 's in good health: 51
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know ye Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Aye, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Aye, my good lord; a son that well deserves
The honor and regard of such a father. 61

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy
We have conversed and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that 's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old; 70
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, for far behind his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow,

He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love.
As meet to be an emperor's counselor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates; 80
And here he means to spend his time awhile:
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.
Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.
Duke. Welcome him, then, according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Sir Thurio,
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:
I will send him hither to you presently.
[*Exit.*
Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks. 90
Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchised them,
Upon some other pawn for fealty.
Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.
Sil. Nay, then, he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?
Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.
Thu. They say that Love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object Love can wink.
Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman. 100

Enter Proteus.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus! Mistress,I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favor.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.
Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
Pro. Not so, sweet lady: but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.
Val. Leave off discourse of disability: 110
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
Pro. My duty will I boast of; nothing else.
Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
Pro. I 'll die on him that says so but yourself.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.
Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Ser.*] Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome:
I 'll leave you to confer of home affairs; 120
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

117. The Folios give this line to "Thurio"; if the reading be right, he must have quitted the stage during the scene, probably immediately before the entrance of Proteus, after line 100.—I. G.

Pro. We 'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt Silvia and Thurio.*
Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.
Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know you joy not in a love-discourse.
Val. Aye, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning Love, 130
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus, Love 's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as I confess
There is no woe to his correction,

131. *"Whose high imperious thoughts have punished me";* Johnson proposed to read "those" for "whose," as if the "imperious thoughts" are Valentine's and not "Love's"; the word "thoughts" certainly presents a difficulty, being used here probably in the sense of "dispositions of the mind."—I. G.

139. That is, no misery *compared to* that inflicted by love;—a form of speech not unusual in the old writers: Thus an old ballad:

"There is no comfort in the world
To women that are kind."—H. N. H.

Nor to his service no such joy on earth. 140
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills; 150
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honor,—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth 160
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favor growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-smelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can is nothing

152, 153. *A "principality"* is an angel of the highest order, and therefore next to *divine*. *"Speak the truth* by *her,"*—that is, speak the truth *of* her; an obsolete use of a preposition.—H. N. H.

To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel 170
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl;
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Aye, and we are betroth'd: nay, more, our marriage-hour, 180
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of; how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I 'll presently attend you. 190

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will. [*Exit Val.*
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drive out another,

So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine, or Valentine's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
She is fair; and so is Julia, that I love,— 200
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
O, but I love his lady too too much!
And that 's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her!
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld, 210

197. *"Is it mine, or Valentine's praise";* the first Folio reads, "It is mine, or Valentine's praise"; the later Folios, "Is it mine then, or Valentinean's praise?" Theobald's suggestion, "mine eye," has been generally adopted; "if this were unsatisfactory," the Camb. editors remark, "another guess might be hazarded:—

Is it mine unstaid mind or Valentine's praise."

In the latter case "Valentine's" must be read as a dissyllable; in the former as a quadrisyllable; it is not necessary to read, as has been proposed "Valentino's" or "Valentinus'." Two other ingenious emendations are noteworthy:—"her mien," "mine eyne," ("thine eyne" occurs as a rhyme in *Midsummer Night's Dream,* III. ii. 138).—I. G.

202. It was anciently supposed that if a witch made a waxen image of anyone she wished to destroy or torment, and hung it by the fire, as the image wasted away the original would do so too. Hence the allusion in the text.—H. N. H.

210. Dr. Johnson censures the Poet for making Proteus say he has but seen the "picture" of Silvia, when he has just been talking with the lady herself. The great Doctor was not great enough to catch Shakespeare so, and in this case he made a blunder, instead of finding one. Proteus wants to get deeper in love with Silvia, and so

And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I 'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

Scene V

The same. A street.

Enter Speed and Launce severally.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Padua!

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say 'Welcome!'

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I 'll to the alehouse with you presently; where, for one 10

resorts to the argument, that the little he has seen of her is as though he had but seen her picture. The figure is not more apt for his purpose than beautiful in itself. *Advice,* in the two lines above, is used in the sense of *acquaintance.*—H. N. H.

II. v. 1; III. i. 81; V. iv. 129. The Cambridge editors have retained the reading of the Folios in these lines, "Padua" in the first passage, and "Verona" in the second and third, "because it is impossible that the words can be a mere printer's, or transcriber's error. These inaccuracies are interesting as showing that Shakespeare had written the whole of the play before he had finally determined where the scene was to be laid"; the scene is in each case undoubtedly Milan (perhaps "Milano," *metri causa*).—I. G.

Speed. "What an ass art thou! I understand thee not."
Launce. "What a block art thou, that thou canst not!
My staff understands me."

Two Gentlemen of Verona. Act 2, Scene 5.

shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How, then? shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken? 20

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou sayest? 30

Launce. Aye, and what I do too: look thee, I 'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will 't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say aye, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will. 40

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how sayest thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me. 50

Launce. Why fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt, go with me to the alehouse; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of Christian. 60

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

63. The festivals of the Church were often celebrated with merry-makings, of which ale-drinking formed a part: hence they were called "Ales," and "Church Ales." Before the days of Puritanism, of course none but Jews would refuse "to go to the Ale with a Christian." Launce is quibbling still, as usual.—H. N. H.

Scene VI

The same. The Duke's palace.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury;
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear.
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun. 10
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-comfirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself; 20
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss
For Valentine, myself, for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;

And Silvia—witness Heaven, that made her fair!—
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I 'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend. 30
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine.
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor.
Now presently I 'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight;
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;
But, Valentine being gone, I 'll quickly cross 40
By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!
[*Exit.*

Scene VII

Verona. Julia's house.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts

Are visibly character'd and engraved,
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honor, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long!

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps; 10
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words. 20

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.

9. An allusion to the pilgrimages formerly made by religious enthusiasts,—who, like Julia, loved much, but not wisely,—often to Rome, Compostella, and Jerusalem, but oftener still to "the House of our Lady at Loretto." In that age, when there were few roads and many robbers, to go afoot and alone through all the pains and perils of a passage from England to either of these shrines, was deemed proof that the person was thoroughly in earnest. The Santa Casa at Loretto was supposed to be the house in which the Blessed Virgin was born, it having been supernaturally transported from Galilee to Italy, and placed in a wood at midnight; which was the cause of so many more pilgrimages being made to that place.—H. N. H.

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage; 30
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I 'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I 'll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent 40
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I 'll knit it up in silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots.
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well as, 'Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?'

Why even what fashion thou best likest, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favor'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now 's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey? 60
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who 's displeased when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love, 70
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:

70. *"Infinite"* is here used for *infinity*. So in *Much Ado About Nothing* we find *"the infinite* of thought"; and Chaucer has "although the life of it be stretched with *infinite* of time." The reading is that of the first folio: the second has "instances *as* infinite of love," which is adopted by Mr. Collier. But the former, besides having better authority, seems better in itself.—H. N. H.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lovest me, do him not that wrong, 80
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently!
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.* 90

85. That is, the journey that I *long* to be making; or, it may be, the journey that I shall make with continual longing to reach the end of it.—H. N. H.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Milan. Ante-room in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Proteus.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.
[*Exit Thu.*
Now, tell me, Proteus, what 's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favors
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend, 10
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,

It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down, 20
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so, unworthily disgrace the man,
A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd, 30
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down; 40
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my Lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For, love of you, not hate unto my friend,

Hath made me publisher of this pretense.
Duke. Upon mine honor, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.
Pro. Adieu, my Lord; Sir Valentine is coming. 50
[*Exit.*

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?
Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
Duke. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health and happy being at your court.
Duke. Nay then, no matter; stay with me awhile;
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret. 60
'Tis not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.
Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honorable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?
Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child, 70
Not fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,

Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this? 80

Duke. There is a lady in Verona here
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,—
For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed,—
How and which way I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind 90
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad, if left alone;

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say; 100
For 'get you gone,' she doth not mean 'away!'
Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promised by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then, I would resort to her by night. 110

Duke. Aye, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it. 120

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,
That longs for everything that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I 'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee; I will go to her alone:
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length. 130
Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?
Val. Aye, my good lord.
Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:
I 'll get me one of such another length.
Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.
Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.
What letter is this same? What 's here? 'To Silvia'!
And here an engine fit for my proceeding.
I 'll be so bold to break the seal for once.
[*Reads.*
'My thoughts do harbor with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying: 141
O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying!
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbor where their lord would be.'
What 's here? 150

'Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.'
'Tis so; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaethon,—for thou art Merops' son,—
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence: 160
Thank me for this more than for all the favors,
Which all too much I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven! my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit.*

Val. And why not death rather than living torment? 170
To die is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?

153. Legend variously described Phaethon as the son of Helios by Merops' wife, and as a son of Merops himself. Johnson supposed the Duke to insist on the baser origin by way of additional disparagement to Valentine, but this is both needlessly abstruse and opposed to the explanatory "for." He probably means only "for thou art indeed Phoebus."—C. H. H.

What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day, 180
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Proteus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.
Launce. Soho, soho!
Pro. What seest thou? 190
Launce. Him we go to find: there 's not a hair on 's head but 'tis a Valentine.
Pro. Valentine?
Val. No.
Pro. Who then? his spirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Launce. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?
Pro. Who wouldst thou strike? 200
Launce. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launce. Why, sir, I 'll strike nothing: I pray you,—
Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.
Val. My ears are stopt, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.
Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.
Val. Is Silvia dead?
Pro. No, Valentine. 210
Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia.
Hath she forsworn me?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me.
What is your news?
Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.
Pro. That thou art banished—O, that 's the news!—
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit. 220
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
Pro. Aye, aye; and she hath offer'd to the doom—
Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force—
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them

As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears, 230
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolor. 240

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love. 250
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I 'll convey thee through the city-gate;

250. So in Hamlet: "These to her excellent white bosom." To understand this mode of addressing letters, it should be known that women anciently had a pocket in the forepart of their stays, in which they carried not only love letters and love tokens, but even their money. In many parts of England rustic damsels still continue the

And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me!

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the North-
gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine! 260
[*Exeunt Val. and Pro.*

Launce. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I
have the wit to think my master is a kind of
a knave: but that 's all one, if he be but one
knave. He lives not now that knows me to
be in love; yet I am in love; but a team of
horse shall not pluck that from me; nor
who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman; but
what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet
'tis a milkmaid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she
hath had gossips; yet 'tis a maid, for she is 270
her master's maid, and serves for wages.
She hath more qualities than a water-span-

practice. A very old lady informed Mr. Steevens, that when it was the fashion to wear very prominent stays it was the custom for stratagem or gallantry to drop its literary favors within the front of them.—H. N. H.

263. *"But one knave,"* according to Dr. Johnson, here means, *but once a knave,* as opposed to *twice* a knave, or a *double* knave. But it seems more likely that Launce is simply engaged in his usual occupation of punning; his sense being, "if he be *but one* knave, that's *all one.*—H. N. H.

270. *"Gossips"* not only signify those who answer for a child in baptism, but the tattling women who attend lyings-in. The quibble is evident.

iel,—which is much in a bare Christian. [*Pulling out a paper.*] Here is the catelog of her condition. 'Imprimis: She can fetch and carry.' Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. 'Item: She can milk'; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands. 280

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce! what news with your mastership?

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heardest.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink. 290

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest; I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

273. *"Bare"* has two senses, *mere* and *naked.* Launce, quibbling on, uses it in both senses, and opposes the naked person to the water-spaniel *thickly covered with hair.*—H. N. H.

275. *"Condition";* so the first three Folios; the fourth Folio reads "conditions," adopted in many editions; "condition" is generally used by Shakespeare in the sense of "temper," "quality."—I. G.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not read. 300

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

Launce. There; and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. [*Reads*] 'Imprimis: She can milk.'

Launce. Aye, that she can.

Speed. 'Item: She brews good ale.'

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb: 'Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.'

Speed. 'Item: She can sew.'

Launce. That 's as much as to say, Can she so? 310

Speed. 'Item: She can knit.'

Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. 'Item: She can wash and scour.'

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. 'Item: she can spin.'

302. St. Nicholas had many weighty cares, but was best known as the patron-saint of scholars, in which office he is here invoked. He is said to have gained this honor by restoring to life three scholars, whom a wicked host had murdered while on their way to school. By the statutes of St. Paul's School, London, the scholars are required to attend divine service in the cathedral on the anniversary of St. Nicholas. The parish clerks of London, probably because scholars were called clerks, formed themselves into a guild, with this saint for their patron. In *King Henry IV thieves* are called St. Nicholas' clerks; whether from the similarity of the names Nicholas and Old Nick, or from some similarity of conduct in thieves and scholars in the old days of learned beggary, doth not fully appear. St Nicholas was also the patron-saint of Holland and Russia; and Mr. Verplanck says, "he has long been known in Holland and New York as the special friend of children."—H. N. H.

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. 'Item: She hath many nameless virtues.' 320

Launce. That 's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. 'Here follow her vices.'

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. 'Item: She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.'

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on. 330

Speed. 'Item: She hath a sweet mouth.'

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. 'Item: She doth talk in her sleep.'

Launce. It 's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. 'Item: She is slow in words.'

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with 't, and 340 place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. 'Item: She is proud.'

Launce. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. 'Item: She hath no teeth.'

331. A *"sweet mouth"* formerly meant a *sweet tooth,* and so was reckoned a vice: but Launce chooses to take it literally, that he may have something to offset the *sour breath.*—H. N. H.

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. 'Item: She is curst.'

Launce. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite. 350

Speed. 'Item: She will often praise her liquor.'

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. 'Item: She is too liberal.'

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that 's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I 'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed. 360

Speed. 'Item: She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Stop there; I 'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. 'Item: She hath more hair than wit,'—

Launce. More hair than wit? It may be; I 'll prove it. The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt: 370

355. That is, free beyond the allowings of modesty. Thus in *Othello* Desdemona says of Iago: "Is he not a most profane and *liberal* counsellor?" *"She will often praise her liquor"*;—that is, by drinking of it. *Curst* is peevish, scolding. Thus in The Taming of The Shrew one of the persons calls Kate *a curst shrew.*—H. N. H.

370. The ancient English *saltcellar* was very different from the modern, being a large piece of plate, generally much ornamented, with a cover to keep the salt clean. There was but one on the dinner table, which was placed near the top, and those who sat

the hair that covers the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What 's next?

Speed. 'And more faults than hairs,'—

Launce. That 's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. 'And more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I 'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,— 380

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee—that thy master stays for thee at the North-gate?

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee! aye, who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn. 390

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Launce. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter,—an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets! I 'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

below it were, for the most part, of inferior condition to those who sat above it.—H. N. H.

Scene II

The same. The Duke's palace.

Enter Duke and Thurio.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.
Thu. Since his exile she hath despised me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.
Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot. 10

Enter Proteus.

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?
Pro. Gone, my good lord.
Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.
Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee—
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert—
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace 20
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.
Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect

The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Aye, and perversely she persevers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio? 30

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice and poor descent,
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Aye, but she 'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Aye, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman, 40
Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio. 50

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,

Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access 60
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her by your persuasion
To hate young Valentine and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Aye, 71
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears

53. As you unwind her love from him, make me the *bottom* on which you wind it. A *bottom* is the housewife's term for that upon which a ball of yarn or thread is wound. Thus in Grange's *Garden:*

> "A *bottom* for your silk, it seems,
> My letters are become,
> Which, oft with winding off and on,
> Are wasted whole and some."—H. N. H.

Moist it again; and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans 80
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet consort; to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump: the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I 'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently 91
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen!

77. Malone suggests that some such line as the following has been lost after *"integrity"*:—"as her obdurate heart may penetrate," but the meaning is perhaps rightly explained by Steevens:—"such ardor and sincerity as would be manifested by practising the directions given in the four preceding lines."—I. G.

84. The old copy has *"consort,"* which, according to Bullokar and Phillips, signified "a set or company of musicians." If we print *concert,* as Malone would have it, the relative pronoun *their* has no correspondent word.—H. N. H.

Pro. We 'll wait upon your Grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Duke. Even now about it! I will pardon you.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

The frontiers of Mantua. A forest.

Enter certain Outlaws.

First Out. Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.
Sec. Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Third Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye:
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the villains
That all the travelers do fear so much.
Val. My friends,—
First Out. That 's not so, sir: we are your enemies.
Sec. Out. Peace! we 'll hear him.
Third Out. Aye, by my beard, will we, for he 's a proper man. 10
Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose:
A man I am cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.
Sec. Out. Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.
First Out. Whence came you?
Val. From Milan.
Third Out. Have you long sojourned there? 20
Val. Some sixteen months, and longer might have stay'd,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
First Out. What, were you banish'd thence?
Val. I was.
Sec. Out. For what offense?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.
First Out. Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so. 30
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.
Sec. Out. Have you the tongues?
Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.
Third Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction!
First Out. We 'll have him. Sirs, a word.
Speed. Master, be one of them; it is an honorable kind of thievery. 40
Val. Peace, villain!

36. *"Robin Hood's fat friar," i. e.* Friar Tuck. This allusion to "Robin Hood's friar" by the Italian outlaw is somewhat unexpected; in the later play of *As You Like It* there is also an allusion to "Robin Hood," but Shakespeare is careful to add "of England" ("they live like the old Robin Hood of England").—I. G.

Sec. Out. Tell us this: have you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing but my fortune.
Third Out. Know, then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished
For practicing to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.
Sec. Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart. 51
First Out. And I for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excused our lawless lives;
And partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want,—
Sec. Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you: 60
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,

46. *"Awful,"* that is, men *full of awe,* or of respect for just authority. So in 2 Henry IV, Act. iv. sc. 1: "We come within our *awful* banks again." No instance of a similar use of the word has been found out of Shakespeare; for which cause some have set it down as a misprint for *lawful.* But the word, as it stands, sounds to us Shakespearean.—H. N. H.

49. *"An heir, and near allied";* the Folios read "niece," for which Theobald suggested "near," a reading generally accepted; possibly, but doubtfully, "niece" may after all be correct, being used occasionally by Elizabethan writers to signify almost any relationship.—I. G.

And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

Third Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say aye, and be the captain of us all:
We 'll do thee homage and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

First Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

Sec. Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you, 70
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.

Third Out. No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we 'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Milan. Outside the Duke's palace, under Silvia's chamber.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the color of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.

When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn 10
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?
Pro. Aye, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go. 20
Thu. Aye, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
Thu. Who? Silvia?
Pro. Aye, Silvia; for your sake.
Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let 's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter, at a distance, Host, and Julia in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you 're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?
Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we 'll have you merry: I 'll bring 30
you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.
Jul. But shall I hear him speak?
Host. Aye, that you shall.
Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*
Host. Hark, hark!
Jul. Is he among these?
Host. Aye: but, peace! let 's hear 'em.

Song.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her? 40
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling; 50
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.
Host. Why, my pretty youth?
Jul. He plays false, father.
Host. How? out of tune on the strings? 60
Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves
my very heart-strings.
Host. You have a quick ear.
Jul. Aye, I would I were deaf; it makes me
have a slow heart.
Host. I perceive you delight not in music.
Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.
Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!
Jul. Aye, that change is the spite.
Host. You would have them always play but 70
one thing?
Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.
But host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?
Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told
me,—he loved her out of all nick.
Jul. Where is Launce?
Host. Gone to seek his dog; which to-morrow,
by his master's command, he must carry for
a present to his lady. 80
Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.
Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead,
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

76. That is, beyond all reckoning. Accounts were formerly kept by cutting *nicks* or notches in a tally-stick. Thus in an old play, *A Woman Never Vexed,* an innkeeper says: "I have carried the tallies at my girdle seven years together; for I did ever love to deal honestly in the *nick.*" It is but few years since these tallies were used in the English Exchequer; being laid aside, no doubt, because the accounts grew to be *out of all nick.*—H. N. H.

Thu. Where meet we?
Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.
Thu. Farewell.
[*Exeunt Thu. and Musicians.*

Enter Silvia above.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.
Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that that spake?
Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it. 90
Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
Sil. What 's your will?
Pro. That I may compass yours.
Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this:
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That has deceived so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request, 101
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

84. This was probably one of the "holy wells" to which popular belief attributed supernatural virtues, and which were visited something as our fashionable watering-places are, but with how different feelings! The place of St. Winifred's well in Flintshire is called Holywell; but of course the ancient virtue has all been *enlightened* out of its waters.—H. N. H.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.
Jul. [*Aside*] 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.
Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness, 110
I am betroth'd: and art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importunacy;
Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.
Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulcher thine.
Jul. [*Aside*] He heard not that.
Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate, 120
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I 'll speak, to that I 'll sigh and weep:
For since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.
Jul. [*Aside*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.
Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
But since your falsehood shall become you well 130
To worship shadows and adore false shapes
Send to me in the morning, and I 'll send it:
And so, good rest.
Pro As wretches have o'ernight

That wait for execution in the morn.
[*Exeunt Pro. and Sil. severally.*

Jul. Host, will you go?
Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.
Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?
Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think
'tis almost day.
Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night 140
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The same.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind.
There 's some great matter she 'ld employ me in.
Madam, madam!

Enter Silvia above.

Sil. Who calls?
Egl. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

136. *"Halidom."* Several interpretations have been given of this word; but the one offered by Nares seems the most probable. He says it is composed of *holy* and *dom,* like kingdom; thus meaning the same as *faith.* Another interpretation makes it refer to the Holy Dame, that is, the Virgin Mother. A third derives it from the Saxon *halig,* sacred, and *done,* a house.—H. N. H.

141. The double superlative was often used in Shakespeare's time. It occurs frequently in the Liturgy of the "Reformed Catholic Church."—H. N. H.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself:
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in. 10

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,—
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,—
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd:
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died, 20
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honor I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match, 30

8. *Impose* is *injunction, command;* a task set at college in consequence of a fault is still an *imposition.*—H. N. H.

21. It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honor of their deceased wives or husbands. This will account for Silvia's having chosen Sir Eglamour as a person in whom she could confide without injury to her character.—H. N. H.

Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me 40
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene IV

The same.

Enter Launce, with his Dog.

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of

his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, 'thus I would teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg: O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for 't sure; as I live, he had suffer'd for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemanlike dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there —bless the mark—a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with the dog!' says one: 'What cur is that?' says another: 'Whip him out,' says the third: 'Hang him up,' says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dog: 'Friend,' quoth I, 'do you mean to whip the dog?' 'Aye, marry, do I,' quoth he. 'You do him the more wrong,' quoth

11. That the daughter of a duke should eat from a *trencher,* need not seem strange, since in the privy-purse expenses of Henry VIII we find the following entry: "Item, payed to the sergeant of the pantry for certain trenchers for the king, 23s, 6d."—H. N. H.

Launce. "——— Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do?"

Two Gentlemen of Verona. Act 4, Scene 4.

I; "twas I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I 'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for 't. 40 Thou thinkest not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of Madam Silvia: did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.
Jul. In what you please: I 'll do what I can. 51
Pro. I hope thou wilt. [*To Launce*] How now,
you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?
Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia
the dog you bade me.
Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?
Launce. Marry, she says your dog was a cur,
and tells you currish thanks is good enough
for such a present.
Pro. But she received my dog? 60

Launce. No, indeed, did she not: here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Launce. Aye, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman boys in the market-place: and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight. 70
Away, I say! stay'st thou to vex me here?
[*Exit Launce.*
A slave, that still an end turns me to shame!
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lout;
But chiefly for thy face and thy behavior,
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee, 81
Deliver it to Madam Silvia:
She loved me well deliver'd it to me.

64. *"the other squirrel,"* a playful name for Proteus' "little jewel." Possibly there is an allusion to the feminine fancy for tame squirrels. Mr. Marshall refers to Lyly's *Endymion* (ii. 2), where Scintilla is introduced leading one in a chain. The word had probably equivocal associations, and Lyly coins the word *squirrilitie* as a variant for *obscenity* (*Pap with the Hatchet*).—C. H. H.

65. *"Hangman boys"*; the Folios read *"hangmans boys"*; the reading in the text was given by Singer from a MS. note in a copy of the second Folio in his possession.—I. G.

Jul. It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.
She is dead, belike?
Pro. Not so; I think she lives.
Jul. Alas!
Pro. Why dost thou cry, 'alas'?
Jul. I cannot choose
But pity her.
Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?
Jul. Because methinks that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia: 91
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, 'alas!'
Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter. That 's her chamber. Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. 100
[*Exit.*
Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me?
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;

84. The first Folio misprints, "not leave her token."—I. G.

And now am I, unhappy messenger, 110
To plead for that which I would not obtain,
To carry that which I would have refused,
To praise his faith which I would have dispraised.
I am my master's true-confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia. 120

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O, he sends you for a picture.

Jul. Aye, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.
Go give your master this: tell him, from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget, 130
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:

This is the letter to your ladyship.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold!
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations, 140
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.
Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.
Jul. She thanks you.
Sil. What say'st thou? 150
Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.
Sil. Dost thou know her?
Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.
Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.
Jul. I think she doth; and that 's her cause of sorrow.
Sil. Is she not passing fair?
Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is: 160
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;

But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part, 171
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears, 180
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!
I weep myself to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest her.
Farewell. [*Exit Silvia, with attendants.*

164. Alluding, no doubt, to the custom thus noticed by Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuses,* published in 1595: "When they" (the ladies) "use to ride abroad, they have *masks* or visors made of velvet, wherewith they cover all their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes, whereout they look."—H. N. H.

Jul. And she shall thank you for 't, if e'er you know her. 190
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow. 200
If that be all the difference in his love,
I 'll get me such a color'd periwig.
Her eyes are gray as glass; and so are mine:
Aye, but her forehead 's low, and mine 's as high.

202. False hair was much worn by ladies in Shakespeare's time; it being then one of the "latest fashions," and induced by a general desire to have hair like the Queen's. In *Northward Hoe,* 1607, is an allusion to it: "There is a new trade come up for cast gentlewomen, of periwig-making. Let your wife set up in the Strand." The fashion is thus referred to in *The Merchant of Venice:*

> "So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
> Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
> Upon supposed fairness, often known
> To be the dowry of a second head,
> The scull that bred them in the sepulchre."—H. N. H.

203. The *gray* eyes of the Poet's time were the same as the *blue* eyes of ours. Glass was not colorless then as we have it, but of a light-blue tint. So that *eyes as gray as glass* were of the soft azure or cerulean, such as usually go with the auburn and yellow hair of Silvia and Julia.—H. N. H.

204. A high forehead was then accounted a feature eminently beautiful. Our author, in *The Tempest,* shows that low foreheads were in disesteem: "apes with foreheads *villainous low.*"—H. N. H.

What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, loved, and adored! 210
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I 'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee!
[*Exit.*

205. That is, "What he respects in her has equal relation to myself."—H. N. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Milan. An abbey.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at Friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail, for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Lady, a happy evening!
Sil. Amen, amen! Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:
I fear I am attended by some spies. 10
Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same. The Duke's palace.

Enter Thurio, Proteus, and Julia.

Thur. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What, that my leg is too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little.
Thu. I 'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.
Jul. [*Aside*] But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes.
Thu. What says she to my face?
Pro. She says it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is black.
Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is 11
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
Jul. [*Aside*] 'Tis true; such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.
Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?
Jul. [*Aside*] But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
Thu. What says she to my valor?
Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that. 20
Jul. [*Aside*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well derived.
Jul. [*Aside*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.
Thu. Considers she my possessions?
Pro. O, aye; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. [*Aside*] That such an ass should owe them.
Pro. That they are out by lease.
Jul. Here comes the duke. 30

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late!
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why then,
She 's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for Friar Laurance met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest;
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she,
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it; 40
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not;
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

29. Thurio of course means his lands; but Proteus chooses to take him as referring to his mental endowments, which, he says, are *"out by lease,"* that is, out of his keeping; so that he, lacking them, is a dunce.—H. N. H.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently, and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.
[*Exit.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her. 50
I 'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her.
[*Exit.*

Jul. And I will follow more to cross that love
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love.
[*Exit.*

Scene III

The frontiers of Mantua. The forest.

Enter Outlaws with Silvia.

First Out. Come, come,
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

Sec. Out. Come, bring her away.

First Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

Third Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us,
But Moses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain: we 'll follow him that 's fled; 10
The thicket is beset; he cannot 'scape.

First Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave;
Fear not; he bears an honorable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Another part of the forest.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was! 10
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;

2. Probably a better reading than the folio is that generally adopted, due to Collier's MS.:—

"these shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods."—I. G.

Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!
What halloing and what stir is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who 's this comes here?

Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
Though you respect not aught your servant doth, 20
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honor and your love;
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
Val. [*Aside*] How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.
Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy. 30
Sil. By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy.
Jul. [*Aside*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,

Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul!
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjured Proteus.
Therefore be gone; solicit me no more. 40

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look!
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they 're beloved!

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he 's beloved.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first, best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two, 50
And that 's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words

47–50. *"Rend thy faith . . . perjury, to love me. Thou . . ."* The lines seem clear as they stand; a suggestion by Mr. Daniel is perhaps worthy of mention:—*"rain . . . perjury. To love me Thou,"* or *"hail . . . Discandied into perjury. To love me Thou . . ."*—I. G.

Can no way change you to a milder form,
I 'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force ye.

Sil. O heaven!

Pro. I 'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch, 60
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that 's without faith or love,
For such is a friend now; treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake. 70
The private wound is deepest: O time most accurst,
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow

71. A difficult line to scan; Johnson proposed "O time most curst"; others omit "most" or "O"; perhaps we have here an Alexandrine, "O" counting as a monosyllabic foot; the second syllable of "deepest" being an extra syllable before the pause:—

The pri'/vate wou'nd/ is de'epest;|| O'-/ time mo'st/ accur'st,/—I. G.

Be a sufficient ransom for offense,
I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer.
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied 79
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleased.
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeased:
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

83. This is a strange passage. Collier and Knight have tried hard, in different ways, to make it look reasonable; but there is an extravagance about it that will not yield to editorial skill. The best comment we have seen upon it is in *Tales from Shakespeare:* "Proteus expressed such a lively sorrow for the injuries he had done to Valentine, that Valentine, whose nature was noble and generous even to a romantic degree, not only forgave and restored him to his former place in his friendship, but in a sudden flight of heroism he said, 'I freely do forgive you; and all the interest I have in Silvia I give it up to you!'" Which shows what Charles Lamb and his sister, "two highly-gifted and simple-minded persons who had been reading Shakespeare together all their lives," regarded as the true sense of the text. Mr. Dyce, speaking of "this overstrained and too generous act of friendship," says: "Nor would Shakespeare probably, if the play had been written in his maturer years, have made Valentine give way to such 'a sudden flight of heroism': but *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was evidently an early production of the great Poet; and in many a volume, popular during his youth, he had found similar instances of romantic generosity." This explanation seems much better than the ingenious efforts of Knight and Collier to bring the representation within the lines of nature and reason. How hard it is for them to get round the plain sense of the passage, may be seen in that Knight makes *all* refer to *wrath* in the second line above, construes *in* by *on account of,* and understands *give* in the sense of *give up* or *forego;* so that the meaning turns out to be: "All the wrath that was mine on account of Silvia I forego"; which convicts Julia of a gross blunder in taking on so at what Valentine says. Collier's more plausible method is, to withdraw Valentine, so that he does not hear what passes between Proteus and Silvia just before, and so, from seeing her thus with his friend, he infers that she is unfaithful or indifferent towards himself.—H. N. H.

Jul O me unhappy! [*Swoons.*
Pro. Look to the boy.
Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what 's the matter? Look up; speak.
Jul. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to Madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done. 90
Pro. Where is that ring, boy?
Jul. Here 'tis; this is it.
Pro. How! let me see:
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.
Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.
Pro. But how camest thou by this ring? At my depart
I gave this unto Julia.
Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.
Pro. How! Julia! 100
Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

106. That is, if it be a shame to wear a disguise in such a cause.—H. N. H.

Pro. "Where is that ring, boy?"
Jul. "Here 'tis; this is it."
Pro. "How! let me see:—
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.'

Two Gentlemen of Verona. Act 5, Scene 4.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven, were man 110
But constant, he were perfect! That one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?
Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.
Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.
Jul. And I mine. 120

Enter Outlaws, with Duke and Thurio.

Outlaws. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbear, forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banished Valentine.
Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia 's mine.
Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath;
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch: 130
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.
Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:

I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honor of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine, 140
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:
Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.
Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you. 150
Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.
Val. These banish'd men that I have kept withal
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.

137. *"To make such means for her,"* to make such *interest* for, to take such disingenuous pains about her.—H. N. H.

143. *"Repeal thee home,"* that is, repeal the sentence of banishment.—H. N. H.

152. *"That I have kept withal,"* that is, that I have been living with.—H. N. H.

Come, let us go: we will include all jars 160
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I 'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.
Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discovered: 171
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*

160. *"Include,"* is here used for *conclude.* This is another of Shakespeare's Latinisms.—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Account of, appreciates; II. i. 68.

Advice, "more advice," *i. e.* "further knowledge"; II. iv. 208; consideration; III. i. 73.

Agood, in good earnest; IV. iv. 176.

Aim, conjecture; III. i. 28.

Aimed at, guessed; III. i. 45.

Ale, ale-house (with perhaps an allusion to church-ale, or rural festival); II. v. 63.

Allycholly, corrupted from "melancholy"; IV. ii. 27.

Apparent, manifest; III. i. 116.

Applaud, approve; I. iii. 48.

Approved, proved by experience; V. iv. 43.

Auburn, flaxen; IV. iv. 200.

Awful, filled with reverence for authority; IV. i. 46.

Bare, mere, (with a quibble on the other sense of naked); III. i. 273.

Base, in the game of "prisoner's base" "to bid the base" was to challenge to a contest of speed; I. ii. 97.

Beadsman, one who prays on behalf of another; I. i. 18.

Befortune, betide; IV. iii. 41.

Beholding, beholden; IV. iv. 184.

Beshrew, evil befall; I. i. 133.

Bestow, deport (one's self); III. i. 87.

Boots, "to give one the boots"= "to make a laughing-stock of one" (an allusion, perhaps, to the torture known as "the boots," or to a Warwickshire sport in which the victim was belabored with boots); I. i. 27.

Boots, profits, avails; I. i. 28.

Bottom, to wind thread; III. ii. 53.

Break, broach a matter; III. i. 59.

Broken, fallen out; II. v. 20.

Broker, matchmaker, go-between; I. ii. 41.

Burden, undersong, (with a quibble on ordinary sense of the word); I. ii. 85.

Canker, canker-worm; I. i. 43.

Cate-log (Launce's blunder for "catalogue"); III. i. 274.

Censure, pass judgment; I. ii. 19.

Character'd, written; II. vii. 4.

Circumstance, circumstantial deduction; I. i. 36; I. i. 84; the position in which one has placed one's self, conduct; I. i. 37; detail, particulars; III. ii. 36.

Cite, incite; II. iv. 86.

Close, union; V. iv. 117.
Clerkly, scholarly; II. i. 117.
Codpiece, "a part of the male attire, indelicately conspicuous in the poet's time"; II. vii. 53.
Coil, fuss, ado; I. ii. 99.
Commit, sin; V. iv. 77.
Compass, obtain; IV. ii. 92.
Competitor, confederate; II. vi. 35.
Conceit, opinion; III. ii. 17.
Conceitless, devoid of understanding; IV. ii. 96.
Condition, quality; III. i. 275.
Consort, a company; IV. i. 64; a company of musicians playing together; III. ii. 84.
Conversed, associated; II. iv. 64.
Crews, bands; IV. i. 74.
Curst, shrewish; III. i. 348.

Dazzled (trisyllabic), II. iv. 211.
Deign, condescend to accept; I. i. 165.
Descant, "counterpoint, or the adding one or more parts to a theme, which was called 'the plain song'"; I. ii. 94.
Diet, "takes diet"="is under a strict regimen"; II. i. 25.
Dispose, disposal; II. vii. 86.
Doublet, inner garment of a man, sometimes worn without the jerkin, with which at times it was confounded; II. iv. 20.
Dump, slow, melancholy tune; III. ii. 85.

Earnest, pledge, token of future bestowal (with a quibble on "earnest" as opposed to "jest"); II. i. 168.
Else, elsewhere; IV. ii. 125.
Engine, instrument; III. i. 138.
Entertain, take into service; II. iv. 104; IV. iv. 68.
Exhibition, allowance; I. iii. 69.
Extreme (accented on the first syllable); II. vii. 22.

Farthingale, hoop petticoat; II. vii. 51.
Feature, shape, form; II. iv. 74.
Figure, a turn of rhetoric; II. i. 159.
Fire (dissyllabic); I. ii. 30.
Fond, foolish; I. i. 52.
For (= for fear of), I. ii. 136.
For why, because; III. i. 99.
Forlorn (accented on first syllable); I. ii. 124.

Gossips, sponsors at baptism (used quibblingly); III. i. 269.
Greed, agreed; II. iv. 184.
Griefs, grievances; V. iv. 142.
Grievances, causes of grief; IV. iii. 37.

Hangman (as a term of reproach), rascally; IV. iv. 65.
Homely, plain, unrefined; I. i. 2.
However, in any case; I. i. 34.

Impeachment, reproach, discredit; I. iii. 15.
Impose, injunction; IV. iii. 8.
Include, conclude; V. iv. 160.
Infinite, infinity; II. vii. 70.
Inherit, win; III. ii. 87.
Inly, inward; II. vii. 18.
Integrity, sincerity; III. ii. 77.
Interpret, act the interpreter (to the figure in a puppet show); II. i. 104.

Jade (used quibblingly); III. i. 278.
Jerkin, jacket or short coat, usually worn over the doublet; II. iv. 19.
Jolt-head, blockhead; III. i. 292.

KEEP, restrain; IV. iv. 12.
KIND, kindred; II. iii. 2.

LACED *v.* "mutton."
LEARN, teach; II. vi. 13.
LEARN'D, taught; V. iii. 4.
LEASE, "out by lease," *i. e.* "let to others, and not under one's own control"; the point of the line turns on the equivocal interpretation of "possessions" in the sense of "mental endowments"; V. ii. 29.
LEAVE, cease; III. i. 182; part with; IV. iv. 84.
LETS, hinders; III. i. 113.
LIBERAL, wanton; III. i. 355.
LIES, lodges; IV. ii. 137.
"LIGHT O' LOVE," a popular old tune, referred to also in *Much Ado,* III. iv. 44; I. ii. 83.
LIKES, pleases; IV. ii. 55.
LIME, bird-lime; III. ii. 68.

MANAGE, to wield; III. i. 247.
MEAN, tenor; I. ii. 95.
MEANS, "to make means," *i. e.* "to contrive measures and opportunities" (to win her); V. iv. 137.
MEASURE, "within the measure," *i. e.* "within reach"; V. iv. 127.
MEROPS, Phaëthon was reproached, though falsely, with being the son, not of Apollo, but of Merops; III. i. 153.
MINION, a spoiled favorite; I. ii. 88, 92.
MONTH'S MIND (to be pronounced probably "moneth's mind"), originally meant the monthly anniversary of a person's death; hence "remembrance," and finally "yearning"; I. ii. 137.
MOOD, rage; IV. i. 51.
MOTION, puppet-show; II. i. 103.
MOUTH, "a sweet mouth," *i. e.* "a sweet tooth"; III. i. 331.
MUSE, wonder; I. iii. 64.
MUTTON, a sheep; I. i. 101; "laced mutton" seems to have been a cant term for a loose woman, but probably used here in the sense of "a fine piece of woman's flesh," "a finely trimmed woman"; I. i. 102.

NICHOLAS (Saint), the patron saint of scholars; III. i. 302.
NICK, reckoning (alluding to the "nicks" or "notches" on a wooden tally); IV. ii. 76.
NODDY (quibblingly for "nod-ay"), simpleton; I. i. 119.

ON (play upon "on" and "one"); II. i. 1.
ON, of; IV. ii. 73.
ONE, "one knave," *i. e.* "a single, not a double knave" (referring perhaps to Proteus' falsehood to both friend and mistress; III. i. 263.
OMITTING, neglecting; II. iv. 67.
ONSET, beginning; III. ii. 94.
O'ERLOOK'D, perused; I. ii. 50.
OWE, own; V. ii. 28.

PAGEANTS, dramatic entertainments; IV. iv. 164.
PARDON, excuse your absence; III. ii. 98.
PARLE, talk; I. ii. 5.
PASSENGER, passer-by; IV. i. 1.
PASSIONING, passionately grieving; IV. iv. 178.
PEEVISH, wayward; III. i. 68; V. ii. 49.
PERSÉVERS (accented on second syllable); III. ii. 28.
POSSESSIONS, interpreted equivo-

cally in the sense of "mental endowments"; V. ii. 25.

Post, messenger; I. i. 166.

Practicing, plotting; IV. i. 48.

Presently, forthwith; II. iv. 87.

Pretense, design; III. i. 47.

Pretended, proposed; II. vi. 37.

Principality, an angel of the highest rank, next to divinity; II. iv. 153.

Print, "in print"="to the letter, accurately"; II. i. 180.

Proper, well-shaped; IV. i. 10.

Publisher, one who brings to light; III. i. 47.

Puling, "like a beggar at Hallowmas"; it was a custom on All Saints Day for the poor to go from parish to parish *a-souling, i. e.* "begging and puling for soul-cakes"; II. i. 27.

Quaintly, cleverly; II. i. 131; III. i. 117.

Quality, profession; IV. i. 58.

Quips, sharp jests; IV. ii. 12.

Quote (pronounced "cote"; hence the quibble); II. iv. 18.

Ravel, become entangled; III. ii. 52.

Reasoning, talking; II. i. 150.

Receive, acknowledge; V. iv. 78.

Recking, caring for; IV. iii. 40.

Record, sing; V. iv. 6.

Remorseful, compassionate; IV. iii. 13.

Repeal, recall; V. iv. 143.

Resembleth (quadrisyllabic, "resemb(e)leth"); I. iii. 84.

Respect, regard, care for; III. i. 89; V. iv. 20.

Respective, worthy of respect; IV. iv. 206.

Road, port, harbor; I. i. 53; II. iv. 188.

Root (of the heart); V. iv. 103.

Sad, serious; I. iii. i.

Servant, a term of gallantry, from a lady to her admirer; II. i. 109, 117.

Set, set to music; interpreted playfully by Julia in the sense of "to estimate"; I. ii. 81.

Set, seated (used quibblingly); II. i. 94.

Several, separate; I. ii. 108.

Shapeless, purposeless; I. i. 8.

Sheep (used quibblingly with "ship," the two words being pronounced nearly the same); I. i. 73.

Shot, a tavern-reckoning (used quibblingly); II. v. 11.

Silly, helpless; IV. i. 72.

Sluggardized, made lazy; I. i. 7.

So, so be it, well and good; II. i. 140.

Soho; the cry of hunters on starting a hare; III. i. 189.

Sort, select; III. ii. 92.

Speed, succeed; IV. iv. 118.

Squirrel (applied to a small dog); IV. iv. 64.

Stature, image; IV. iv. 212.

Stead, be of use to; II. i. 123.

Still, ever; V. iv. 43.

Still an end, perpetually; IV. iv. 72.

Stock (used quibblingly); III. i. 312, 313.

Stomach, used quibblingly in sense of "temper" and of "hunger"; (observe also the play upon "meat" and "maid," pronounced nearly alike); I. ii. 68.

Strange, "she makes it strange"

=="she pretends to be shocked"; I. ii. 102.
SUDDEN, quick, sharp; IV. ii. 12.
SUGGESTED, tempted; III. i. 34.
SWEET-SUGGESTING, sweetly tempting; II. vi. 7.
SWINGED, whipped; II. i. 90.

TABLE, tablet; II. vii. 3.
TENDER, compassionate; IV. iv. 151.
TENDER, dear; V. iv. 37.
TESTERNED, presented with a tester, or sixpence; I. i. 157.
THROUGHLY, thoroughly; I. ii. 115.
TIMELESS, untimely; III. i. 21.
TIRE, head-dress; IV. iv. 196.
To; "to Milan"="by letters addressed to Milan"; I. i. 57; in comparison with; II. iv. 139, 140.
TONGUES, languages; IV. i. 33.
TRENCHED, carved; III. ii. 7.
TRIUMPHS, festive pageants; V. iv. 161.
TURN, prove inconstant; II. ii. 4.

UNADVISED, inadvertently; IV. iv. 133.
UP AND DOWN, altogether, exactly; II. iii. 35.

VERY, true; III. ii. 41.

WEEDS, garments; II. vii. 42.
WHERE, whereas; III. i. 74.
WINK, shut the eyes; V. ii. 14.
WITH, by; II. i. 34.
WITHOUT (used quibblingly); II. i. 37, 40.
WOOD, mad; II. iii. 34.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. What are the characteristics of this play? What are its especial beauties? Cite its comedy elements.

2. Comment on the characters of Speed and Launce. What is the dramatic value of their scenes?

3. From what story is the greater part of this play apparently derived? Sketch the story.

4. What elements point to this drama as having been among the earliest written of the poet's plays?

5. What evidence is there as to the presentation of this play upon the stage during the poet's lifetime?

6. What can explain Julia's lenience to Proteus in spite of his vacillations? Does Shakespeare evince a depth of insight into true womanly devotion that forgets a self-conscious pride, in his presentation of Julia,—or does it seem that her lenience is fatuous and somewhat weak? Analyze the psychology of such a situation from its several possible points.

7. Comment on the character of Valentine.

8. Outline the general action of the play. Comment on the interplay of scenes. What constitutes the climax of the plot?

ACT I

9. What characterizes the wit of Speed at his first appearance?

10. What sidelight on the character of Proteus is afforded by his allowing Speed to employ in his jest a byword that is disrespectful to Julia?

11. In Lucetta's conversation with Julia in scene ii, does she give any evidence of doubting the honor of Proteus? What views do her comments show?

12. Does the Poet show an insight into feminine caprice? Cite instances.

13. Was popular knowledge of music a feature of Shakespeare's time?

14. Does Lucetta evince insight into the real feelings of Julia? How?—in what passages?

15. Of what spirit characteristic of Shakespeare's time, is the passage in scene iii between Panthino and Antonio, expressive?

16. What fact coincides with the poet's placing of the Emperor's court at Milan?

17. Compare Shakespeare's feeling for nature with his sympathy for human nature, as expressed in his earlier plays.

18. Why did Proteus's father wish him to go away? Is his going at this juncture important to the dramatic situation? If so, how? To what situations might it lead with regard to his love affair?

ACT II

19. What are the love-signs that Speed applies to Valentine?

20. What old English custom explains the phrase, "to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas," in line 27, scene i?

21. How does Valentine's reticence in accepting Sylvia's tribute as intended for him, express his nature? Why does Speed see through the little ruse so easily?

22. Describe what would seem the acting interpretation of Launce as the Poet probably intended it.

23. How does Thurio display his character in scene iv?

24. How does the friendship of Valentine for Proteus manifest itself? Does Valentine's lack of suspicion of Proteus bespeak his nature?

25. What is the allusion in "like a waxen image 'gainst a fire," line 202, scene iv?

26. How does Dr. Johnson interpret Proteus's remark, "'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld"? What does Proteus really mean?

27. Comment on Proteus's sudden defection from Julia.

28. Contrast Speed and Launce from their dialogue in scene v.

29. To what custom does Launce refer when he uses the expression, "to go to ale with a Christian," line 63, scene v?

30. What is the essential element of Proteus's soliloquy in scene vi? What is its basis in human nature?

31. Why was it perilous for Julia and Lucetta to travel alone in their time?

32. Does Lucetta express any foreboding of the outcome of her mistress's errand? Is she wise? How deep is her wisdom as compared with Julia's?

ACT III

33. Is the action of Proteus in making love to Silvia compatible with a character having any underlying nobility?

34. Does it seem that Valentine was rather easily led into the Duke's trap? Considering that he was plotting such an elopement himself and at the time carried the means for it, would he, or would he not have been likely to have avoided advising similar action and means, at such an encounter as this with the Duke whom he wished to elude?

35. Explain Launce's reference to Saint Nicholas in line 302, scene i.

36. Where and how does Speed comment on Launce's trick of quibbling?

37. What is the dramatic effect of the scene between Launce and Speed introduced in this Act? Why are such scenes useful between sentimental or tragic passages? Are they distinctly necessary to the plot, in this play, for in-

stance? Are they anywhere useful to the plot in this play?—If so, where and how?

38. How does Thurio appear, as a suitor?

39. How may the feeling of Proteus for Sylvia be characterized?

40. Does it seem likely from what Thurio shows of himself, that he can follow Proteus's advice successfully, in love-making?

41. What does Proteus display of his ability in sentimental expression?

42. Compare his protestations with those of Valentine earlier expressed in the play.

ACT IV

43. The effect of what incident in English history is seen in scene i? What does the scene express of the romantic notion of outlaws? What, in the times, made this idea of outlawry sometimes a reasonable one? What do the outlaws themselves in this scene explain of the state of things that made this so?

44. Why were they willing to make Valentine one of their number? Does this further throw light on the causes of outlawry at the time?

45. What dramatic purpose does the Host serve? Why is it a particularly effective one here?

46. What does the Host mean when he says, "He loved her out of all nick"?

47. How is Sylvia affected by Proteus?

48. Describe Julia's expression of feeling throughout scene iii.

49. What are the striking dramatic points of this scene? What contrasts of character and action are brought out?

50. Does Sylvia appear as substantial in her expression of feeling as Julia? Does her decision to seek Valentine with Sir Eglamour speak for her sincerity more than her words have done? What appears weak in her expression of her feeling otherwise than by this action?

51. What is the important dramatic element of the scenes in which Julia acts as page to Proteus to carry his messages to Sylvia?

52. Where does Julia voice the essential impulse that has prompted the faithlessness of Proteus? What gives her so keen an intuition?

ACT V

53. Considering the manner in which his character was previously presented, does Sir Eglamour's failure to protect Sylvia from the outlaws appear to be a blemish in the presentation of the situation? What does this help to exemplify of the period of the Poet's manner when this play was written?

54. Of what is Valentine's soliloquy in scene iv expressive?

55. Does Proteus receive his logical desert in finding Sylvia distressed that it is he who has saved her from the outlaws?

56. Explain Valentine's renunciation of Sylvia.

57. Comment on Proteus's return to Julia.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE FIRST EDITION

The Comedy of Errors first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it immediately follows *Measure for Measure.* "The names of all the actors" are not given at the end of the play as in the case of the previous plays; in the stage-directions to the first two Acts the two *Antipholi* are distinguished as *Antipholus Erotes* and *Antipholus Sereptus;* the latter title was probably derived from the *Menæchmus Surreptus* of Plautus, a character evidently well-known to the Elizabethans (*cp.* Cambridge Shakespeare, Note 1); as regards the former name, it is noteworthy that *Erotion* (also *Errotis* in Act II.) is the name of "the Courtezan" in Plautus' *Menæchmi;* to this source the name may perhaps be referred; otherwise it must be regarded as an error for *Erraticus* or *Errans.*

The Comedy of Errors is the shortest of all Shakespeare's plays; its total number of lines is 1,770.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The Comedy of Errors is mentioned in 1598 by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia* among the six "excellent" comedies of Shakespeare. In the *Gesta Grayorum* of 1594 occurs what is probably the earliest reference to the play:—

"After such sport, a Comedy of Errors (like to Plautus his Menechmus) was played by the players; so that night began and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon it was ever afterwards called the Night of Errors." There are other references to comedies

of "Errors" (a "*Historie of Error*" was acted by the St. Paul's children at Greenwich as early as New Year 1576–7), but they merely indicate that the phrase was proverbial. Certain critics detect in these pre-Shakespearean plays the original of Shakespeare's Comedy.

One or two points of internal evidence are helpful in fixing the approximate time of composition. In Act III. ii. 125 there is evidently an allusion to the civil war in France between Henry III and Henry of Navarre, which lasted from August, 1589, to July, 1593. Further, the reference to "whole armadoes of caracks" in the same scene suggests the earlier rather than the later limit: the play may safely be dated 1589–91.[1] This early date is corroborated by the general style of the play:—its lyrical passages with rhyming couplets and alternate rhymes; the doggerel verse; the abundance of quibbles and word-play; "the prologue-like" speech of Ægeon in the opening scene; lines suggestive of other early plays (*e.g.* Act II. ii. 201, reminds us of *Midsummer-Night's Dream; cp.* Act IV. i. 93, and *Love's Labor's Lost*, II. i. 219, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. i. 72).

SOURCES OF THE PLOT

The main plot of *The Comedy of Errors* is directly or indirectly derived from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus,—"a farce of mistaken identity," which very early in the history of the modern drama became a favorite theme with dramatists: pre-Shakespearean paraphrases and adaptations exist in French, German, and Italian; the interlude of "*Jack Juggler*" (1563) is probably its earliest representative in English literature. The oldest extant English translation appeared in the year 1595, with the following title:—*Menæcmi, A pleasant and fine conceited Comedie, taken out of the most excellent wittie Poet Plautus. Chosen purposely from out the rest, as least harmefull,*

[1] *Cp. An attempt to determine Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays;* H. P. Stokes, pp. 16–20.

and yet most delightfull. Written in English, by W. W. (i.e. "*William Warner*"). . . . 1595. The translation is in prose; an argument in verse precedes:—

> "Two Twinborn sons, a Sicill merchant had,
> Menechmus one, and Soseles the other:
> The first his Father lost, a little lad,
> The Grandsire named the latter like his brother.
> This (grown a man) long travel took to seek
> His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
> Where th' other dwelt inriched, and him so like,
> That Citizens there take him for the same:
> Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
> *Much pleasant error,* ere they meet togither."

These lines may serve to indicate the leading points of difference between the simple Latin farce and the complex *Comedy of Errors.* (The translation is to be found in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library,* Part II. vol. 1.)

It is impossible to determine whether Shakespeare owes anything to Warner's translation, which may have existed in manuscript long before the date of its entry on the books of the Stationers' Company (1594). It is perhaps noteworthy that Adriana in the *Comedy* and the wife of Menechus the Citizen in the English translation both use the same word with reference to their supposed ignoble treatment:—

> *Senex.* What is the matter?
> *Mulier.* He makes me a stale and a laughing-stock to all the world.

cp. Comedy of Errors, Act. II. i. 100:—

> *Adriana.* He breaks the pale,
> And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

A few minor points of this description (*e.g.* the use of "error" in the last line of the Argument) have led some scholars to the conclusion that Shakespeare had read Warner's version of the play. But may not the translator owe this small debt to the dramatist?

Act III. Scene i. seems to have been derived from the

Amphitruo of Plautus; in the Latin comedy Mercury keeps the real Amphitruo out of his own house, while Jupiter, the sham Amphitruo, is within with Alcmena, the real Amphitruo's wife.

The introduction of the twin Dromios is Shakespeare's own device; and all the pathos of the play is his; there is nothing in the Latin original suggestive of Ægeon's touching story at the opening of the play,—in Plautus, the father of the twins is already dead. and there is no reunion of husband, wife, and children.

THE UNITIES

In spite, however, of this romanticizing of Plautus, Shakespeare has maintained throughout the play the hallowed unities of time and place, "the necessary companions," according to Academic criticism, "of all corporal actions." From this point of view *The Comedy of Errors* may be regarded as the final triumph of the New Romantic Drama over its opponents; it carried the warfare into the enemy's camp, and scored the signal victory of harmonizing Old and New,—the conventional canons of Latin Comedy and the pathos of Romanticism.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Comedy of Errors bears upon its face indubitable marks of being one of Shakespeare's earliest performances. In respect to merit, most readers, we apprehend, would be apt to place it at the bottom of the list of comedies; though this may be owing more to the nature of the subject than to the manner of the execution. It was mentioned by Meres in 1598; which was supposed to be the earliest notice of it extant, until very lately Mr. Halliwell brought to light a passage in the *Gesta Grayorum*, showing that it was acted at Gray's Inn during the Christmas revels in 1594. The writer concludes his account of one day's proceedings thus: "After such sports, a Comedy of Errors, like to Plautus his Menechmus, was played by the players: so that night was begun and continued to the end in nothing but confusion and errors, whereupon it was ever afterwards called the 'Night of Errors.'" Mr. Halliwell also shows that the title was either a common proverb or furnished the subject of one. But one other contemporary notice of the play has been produced, and that is from the account of the Master of the Revels, showing it to have been acted at Whitehall, December 28, 1604: "By his Majesty's players: On Innocents' Night, the play of Errors." And "Shaxberd" is written in the margin as "the name of the poet which made the play." The play itself, however, has one passage that may go somewhat to ascertain its date. It is in Act iii. sc. 2, where Dromio of Syracuse, talking of the "kitchen wench," who made love to him, and who was "spherical like a globe," so that he "could find out countries in her," in answer to the

question,—"Where France?" says,—"In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir." Which was probably meant for a quibble between heir and hair, and referred to the civil war that broke out in France in 1589, upon the death of Henry III; otherwise there were no apparent point in the jest. As this war against the heir of France was because of his being a Protestant, the English people took great interest in it; so that the allusion would naturally be understood and relished: and it agrees entirely with what appears on other grounds to have been the date of the play.—*The Comedy of Errors* was not printed nor entered in the Stationers' books till the folio of 1623, where it makes the fifth in the division of Comedies.

There has been considerable speculation and quite a variety of opinions as to whether Shakespeare wrote the whole of this play—a matter that need not be better stated than it has been by Mr. Singer. "The general idea of this play," says he, "is taken from the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, but the plot is entirely recast and rendered much more diverting by the variety and quick succession of the incidents. To the twin brothers of Plautus are added twin servants, and though this increases the improbability, yet, as Schlegel observes, 'when once we have lent ourselves to the first, which certainly borders on the incredible, we should not probably be disposed to cavil about the second; and if the spectator is to be entertained with mere perplexities, they cannot be too much varied.' The clumsy and inartificial mode of informing the spectator by a prologue of events, which it was necessary for him to be acquainted with in order to enter into the spirit of the piece, is well avoided, and shows the superior skill of the modern dramatist over his ancient prototype. With how much more propriety is it placed in the mouth of Ægeon, the father of the twin brothers, whose character is sketched with such skill as deeply to interest the reader in his griefs and misfortunes. Development of character, however, was not to be expected in a piece which consists of an uninter-

rupted series of mistakes and laughter-moving situations. Steevens most resolutely maintains his opinion that this was a play only retouched by the hand of Shakespeare, but he has not given the grounds upon which his opinion was formed. We may suppose the doggerel verses of the drama and the want of distinct characterization in the Dramatis Personæ, together with the farcelike nature of some of the incidents, made him draw this conclusion. Malone has given a satisfactory answer to the first objection, by adducing numerous examples of the same kind of long verse from the dramas of several of his contemporaries; and that Shakespeare was swayed by custom in introducing it into his early plays there can be no doubt; for it should be remembered that this kind of versification is to be found in *Love's Labor's Lost*, and in *The Taming of the Shrew*. His better judgment made him subsequently abandon it. . . . It is difficult to pronounce decidedly between the conflicting opinions of the critics, but the general impression upon my mind is that the whole of the play is from the hand of Shakespeare. Dr. Drake thinks it 'is visible throughout the entire play, as well in the broad exuberance of its mirth, as in the cast of its more chastized parts, a combination of which may be found in the character of Pinch, who is sketched in his strongest and most marked style.' We may conclude with Schlegel, that 'this is the best of all written or possible *Menæchmi;* and if the piece be inferior in worth to other pieces of Shakespeare, it is merely because nothing more could be made of the materials.' "

A like diversity of opinions has arisen concerning the immediate sources of the plot of this play. Mr. Collier has found out that an old drama, entitled *The History of Error*, had been acted at Hampton Court, January 1, 1577, and probably again at Windsor, on Twelfth night, 1583. This he conjectures to have been taken as the basis of Shakespeare's comedy, and that parts of it, especially the doggerel verses, were interwoven with the Poet's work. The older play not having been recovered, nor any part of

it, of course we have no means either of refuting or of verifying this conjecture. We may remark, however, that Mr. Collier seems a little too prone to suspect Shakespeare to have borrowed all his puerilities.—Another opinion supposes the Poet to have drawn from a free version of the *Menæchmi* published in 1595, as "A pleasant and fine conceited Comedy, taken out of the most excellent witty Poet Plautus." This version, to be sure, did not come out till after *The Comedy of Errors* was written; but then Shakespeare may have seen it in manuscript; for in his preface the translator speaks of having "divers of this poet's comedies Englished, for the use and delight of his private friends, who in Plautus' own words are not able to understand them." Nevertheless, we are far from thinking such to have been the case; there being no such verbal or other resemblances between the two, as, had such been the case, could scarce have been avoided. The accurate Ritson has ascertained that of this version not a single peculiar name, or phrase, or thought, is to be traced in Shakespeare's comedy. On the whole, we cannot discover the slightest objection to supposing, along with Knight and Verplanck, that the Poet may have drawn directly from Plautus himself; the matter common to them both not being such but that it may well enough have been taken by one who had "small Latin."

The Comedy of Errors is thus disposed of by Coleridge: "Shakespeare has in this piece presented us with a legitimate farce in exactest consonance with the philosophical principles and character of farce, as distinguished from comedy and from entertainments. A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the license allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations. The story need not be probable, it is enough that it be possible. A comedy would scarcely allow even the two Antipholuses; because, although there have been instances of almost indistinguishable likeness in two persons, yet these are mere individual accidents, *casus ludentis naturæ*, and the *verum* will not excuse the *inveri-*

simile. But farce dares add the two Dromios, and is justified in so doing by the laws of its end and constitution. In a word, farces commence in a postulate, which must be granted."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

THE PURPOSE OF THE PLAY

The comedy appears to be an amusing satire on man's power of observation and recognition. The accidental resemblance of two pairs of twins, suffices to put almost a whole town into confusion. Life, itself, is conceived, so to say, as a great and many-jointed mistake, encountered by ignorance and blunders in all possible forms. Hence at the very outset we find the life of the father of the two twin brothers in danger, owing to an ignorance of the Ephesian law—a secondary motive of the action which might otherwise appear a mere superfluous appendage. Hence Adriana's unreasonable jealousy of her husband, which again is but a mistake and gives rise to further mistakes. Hence the perpetually increasing complication, which in time deprives all the dramatic characters of their proper consciousness, and which accordingly is not solved till the two pairs of twins stand face to face, although the possibility of two such pairs of twins being confounded is sufficiently obvious. Under the cloak of the comic we have striking evidence of the, in reality, very serious experience in life, that human knowledge and ignorance dovetail into one another and are mixed up together; that it is very easy for that which we suppose ourselves to know most surely and most distinctly, to turn out erroneous and delusive. The wife mistakes her husband, the master his servant, and the servant his master, the sister-in-law her brother-in-law, the friend his friend, and finally even the father his son. In this way the simplest, most natural and

most important fundamental relations of life become a chaotic complication and dispute. We are shown how quickly everything becomes confused and perverted, as soon as one of the laws of life—a perfectly external and apparently unimportant law—is broken by a freak of nature, as soon as but the difference of the outward form—by means of which the perception of the senses distinguishes one individual from another—is destroyed. The psychological improbability, spoken of above, is introduced into this general confusion and complication like an integral part of the whole. I mean to say that the fact of Antipholus of Syracuse being bewildered by the strange things that befall him—his forgetting his own intention, his losing sight of the aim and object of his journey and overlooking just that with which he himself stands in obvious relation—agrees perfectly with the meaning of the play, as well as with the bold and strongly-marked outlines in which the young poet has sketched his picture.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

ÆGEON

Still more significant is, finally, the story of Ægeon, which envelops the whole comic plot. It is probably Shakespeare's invention, and betrays the same instinct for accumulated effects and drastic contrasts. He had quadrupled the intricacies of the imbroglio by doubling the two lost Antipholuses with a second pair of twins; he quadruples the excitement of the final recovery by doubling them with a pair of lost parents, who at the same time recover their children and each other. And the foreboding of tragic harms which habitually overhangs for a while the early comedies, is here graver and more protracted than either in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* or *The Two Gentlemen.* Valentine's banishment and Hermia's destination to a nunnery or death arouse no serious suspense; but Ægeon is a pathetic and moving figure, whose story—a masterpiece of Shakespeare's early narrative—strikes a note at the outset with which the subsequent action is in

somewhat too marked dissonance for ripe art.—HERFORD, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

ADRIANA

Shakespeare has depicted jealousy both from its tragic as well as from its comic side, in "Othello," in "The Winter's Tale," and in "The Merry Wives;" but nowhere in his works has he portrayed a jealous woman, except Adriana in "The Comedy of Errors," ii. 1, and v. 1, who gets the worst of it. Is this accident, or may it not rather intimate that, according to the ideas of the time, jealousy was justified in the man, but not in the woman?—ELZE, *William Shakespeare.*

The penance for marrying a fortune, in forfeiture of conjugal subordination and the independence dear to man, is a frequent theme and evidently founded on conjugal facts in ancient society;—for aught I know the facts may be the same in modern. At any rate the modern play makes excellent use of the hint; Adriana, like the wife of Menæchmus, brought a wealthy dowry to her husband, and with it the complementary temper of excessive requirements—

> My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.

At her first appearance she is fretful and peevish at his want of punctuality, and suspicious of the cause, which, in truth, as presently appears, was nothing more than a service and attention intended for herself—"to see the making of a carcanet," designed as a present for her. Her husband, on the other hand, enraged at being so inexplicably shut out of his own house, disregards the sober counsel of Balthazar, and is as little practised as his wife to assume a reason and wait for an explanation, and hastily revenges himself by making a bachelor's party at the house of the courtezan; and though the extravagance is evidently as harmless as such an imprudence might be; for,

> I know a wench of excellent discourse,
> Pretty and witty, wild, and yet too, gentle,

are not the words of a sensualist, and there is no trace whatever of want of affection on his part, and we give full belief to his protestation, he still puts himself by the imprudence no less in the wrong than his wife by her fretfulness, and we are left at liberty to enjoy the fun that arises out of their troubles and disasters. Still Adriana, with all her shrewishness, is very affectionate—nay, very amiable, and she gives an earnest of her future improvement in considerateness, by abstaining from public outbreak against her husband's hostess. Her coolness in this respect requires perhaps more explanation than it receives, but that it is accepted by us as at once proof and admission that she had no serious ground for complaint, and was conscious how far she had herself to blame.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays.*

The wife herself and her sister are studied with a care and minuteness which the action certainly did not require. In the change from Plautus' "Mulier," who rails at her husband with only too good reason, to Shakespeare's Adriana, who torments him with doubts at bed and board, and is ready to die in despair at the loss of his love because he refuses to come home to dinner, we see the change from pragmatical to psychological drama, from the comedy of intrigue to the comedy of character, of which otherwise there is not in this play very much. And Luciana brings us altogether into the atmosphere of lyric love which pervades *The Two Gentlemen* and the greater part of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream,* and is half seriously disparaged in *Love's Labor's Lost.*—HERFORD, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

When we read Adriana's speeches, we cannot wonder that Antipholus of Ephesus, a pleasure-loving young gentleman, as we see later on, often seeks his pleasure away from home. Such a woman, be she ever so fair and charming,

is not fitted to chain a man to the domestic hearth. On the contrary, she turns his home into a hell by her cross and peevish jealousy, which he avoids as often and as long as he can, seeking outside the peace and quiet his wife will not permit him to enjoy.—LEWES, *The Women of Shakespeare.*

PINCH

Pinch the conjuror is also an excrescence not to be found in Plautus. He is indeed a very formidable anachronism.

> "They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
> A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
> A thread-bare juggler and a fortune-teller;
> A needy, holy-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
> A living dead man."

This is exactly like some of the Puritanical portraits to be met with in Hogarth.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespeare's Play.*

SIMILARITY TO THE COMEDIES OF THE ANCIENTS

The color of the old Roman drama is still strongly reflected upon the double twins—they are such masters and such slaves as we are familiar with in the comedy of the ancients, Greek as well as Latin; and, notwithstanding the indications of Christian date, the Abbess and her priory, Pentecost, the protestation on the faith of a Christian, and so forth, the imagination attires them, and requires that they should be attired in representation, in the more uniform costume of classical times, that best lends itself to the misapprehension of identity. The same remark applies to Ægeon, and perhaps Solinus the Duke, yet not so absolutely. Angelo and Balthazar, on the other hand, and also Adriana and her sister, are of true Italian parentage, and might be encountered on the Rialto at Venice at any time, or in the shadows of Palladian architecture at Padua,

and should be dressed accordingly; and lastly, Pinch, as English in all his properties as in name, might fitly walk abroad in the gown of any pedagogue of the old free grammar-school at Stratford-upon-Avon. Correct chronology and geography are matters on which no part of the effect of the play would depend, and the obligation of observing them is renounced once for all by divarications of which the decidedness and the consciousness are not to be mistaken; and it would be a great mistake to endeavor to obliterate in the costume presented to the eye, the incongruities which Shakespeare not merely allowed to strike the ear, but actually incorporated with the very structure of his piece, marking them with a degree of distinctness which declares them intentional, and forbids the pedantry that would refine them away into archæological exactitudes, or fall back on an apology for them as oversights.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

The Comedy of Errors, a comedy of incident, of almost farcical adventure [is] the sole attempt of Shakespeare at imitation of the comic drama of ancient Rome. In this play Shakespeare gaily confronts improbabilities, and requires the spectator to accept them. He adds to the twins Antipholus the twins Dromio. If we are in for improbability, let us at least be repaid for it by fun, and have that in abundance. Let the incredible become a twofold incredibility, and it is none the worse. We may conclude that, while Shakespeare was ready to try his hand upon a farcical subject, a single experiment satisfied him that this was not his province; for to such subjects he never returned.—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

A FARCE

The Comedy of Errors is Shakspere's one farcical play. Its sources of laughter lie almost wholly in the situations and incidents, hardly at all in the characters. The spectator of the play is called on to accept much that is im-

probable and all but impossible, not as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, for the sake of freer play of imagination, and because the world pictured by the poet is a fairy-world of romantic beauty and grotesqueness, but for the sake of mere fun and laughter-stirring surprises. So cleverly, however, are the incidents and persons entangled and disentangled, so rapidly does surprise follow surprise, that we are given no time to raise difficulties and offer objections.—DOWDEN, *Shakespere* in the *Literature Primers.*

Indeed, *The Comedy of Errors* may be pronounced as Shakespeare's only Farce. A perfect Farce, like a perfect Comedy, requires no scenic effect, or change of scene. But unlike comedy, which deals with life and with the verities, and whose characters must be always true, Farce requires that exaggeration at the expense of truth which shall produce only comic situation and cater only to the amusement of its audience. And moreover it is the causes, not the effects, which are to be exaggerated. That is to say, granted the causes, the effects are to be perfectly natural. It is apparent upon this definition that *The Comedy of Errors* is a perfect Farce. It ravages possibility and outrages our reason. Everybody knows that two persons coming from two different civilizations could not be dressed exactly alike. And when we add that each has a servant, and that the two servants are dressed exactly alike and speak exactly alike, the absurdity goes beyond the balk of unreason itself. But, granted the possibility, everything would then occur as it does in *The Comedy of Errors.*—MORGAN, *The Comedy of Errors* in the *Bankside Shakespeare.*

PLAUSIBILITY OF THE PLOT'S DEVELOPMENT

Only the rough outlines of the play are taken from Plautus; and the motive, the possibility of incessant confusion between two masters and two servants, is manipu-

lated with a skill and certainty which astound us in a beginner, and sometimes with quite irresistible whimsicality. No doubt the merry play is founded upon an extreme improbability. So exact is the mutual resemblance of each pair of twins, no less in clothing than in feature, that not a single person for a moment doubts their identity. Astonishing resemblances between twins do, however, occur in real life; and when once we have accepted the premises, the consequences develop naturally, or at any rate plausibly. We may even say that in the art of intrigue-spinning, which was afterwards somewhat foreign and unattractive to him, the poet here shows himself scarcely inferior to the Spaniards of his own or of a later day, remarkable as was their dexterity.—BRANDES, *William Shakespeare.*

The myriad-minded man, our, and all men's, Shakespeare, has in this piece presented us with a legitimate farce in exactest consonance with the philosophical principles and character of farce, as distinguished from comedy and from entertainments. A proper farce is mainly distinguished from comedy by the license allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and laughable situations. The story need not be probable, it is enough that it is possible. A comedy would scarcely allow even the two Antipholuses; because, although there have been instances of almost indistinguishable likeness in two persons, yet these are mere individual accidents, *casus ludentis naturæ,* and the *verum* will not excuse the *inverisimile.* But farce dares add the two Dromios, and is justified in so doing by the laws of its end and constitution. In a word, farces commence in a postulate, which must be granted.—COLERIDGE, *Lectures on Shakespeare.*

BACKGROUND OF THE PLAY

But whatever skilful management in respect to the plot may be wanting, this scarcely weighs in the balance when

we see how the poet has given the extravagant matter of these mistakes and intricacies an inner relation to the character of the family in which he has placed them. These comic parts appear upon a thoroughly tragic background, which does not interfere at all with the extravagant scenes in the foreground, and perhaps only makes them the more conspicuous, but which nevertheless ever appears with sufficient importance to keep under the superficial and weak impression of a mere farce, the whole substance of which consisted in the mistakes of those similar twins. The hostilities between Syracuse and Ephesus form the farthest chiaroscuro background, upon which the whole picture is drawn, the comic parts of which can scarcely be considered more fascinating and exciting than the tragic. The fate of the imprisoned father who is seeking his lost sons, and who, engaged on a work of love, is condemned to death; whose mental sufferings at last increase to such a degree, that he sees himself unknown by his recovered son and believes himself disowned by him; all this raises the piece far above the character of a mere farce. This tragic part is united with the comic by the most delicate links—links which the poet has interwoven into the transmitted story, according to his subsequent habit, with that totality of his spiritual nature, that we are absolutely left in doubt as to whether he acted from blind instinct or with perfect consciousness.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare's Commentaries.*

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SOLINUS, *duke of Ephesus*
ÆGEON, *a merchant of Syracuse*
ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus,* } *twin brothers and sons to*
ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse,* } *Ægeon and Æmilia*
DROMIO *of Ephesus,* } *twin brothers, and attendants*
DROMIO *of Syracuse,* } *on the two Antipholuses*
BALTHAZAR, *a merchant*
ANGELO, *a goldsmith*
First Merchant, *friend to Antipholus of Syracuse*
Second Merchant, *to whom Angelo is a debtor*
PINCH, *a schoolmaster*

ÆMILIA, *wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus*
ADRIANA, *wife to Antipholus of Ephesus*
LUCIANA, *her sister*
LUCE, *servant to Adriana*
A Courtezan

Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Solinus, Duke of Ephesus, condemns Ægeon, a merchant of Syracuse, to death in accordance with the laws of Ephesus and in default of ransom. Being pressed by the Duke Ægeon tells the story of his life. He was born at Syracuse and brought up as a merchant. Several years before he had been obliged to go to Epidamnum. In that place there was born to him and his wife Æmilia twin sons, "the one so like the other as could not be distinguished." At the same inn and at the same hour a poor woman gave birth to two sons both alike. These boys he had bought to attend his sons. Shortly after, he and his family started for home. They were shipwrecked and the father and mother were separated, each having one son and one slave. Ægeon and the two children with him reached Syracuse, where they lived eighteen years, hearing nothing in that time of the others. Then the son begged permission from his father to take his slave and go in search of his mother and brother. Two years went by and the father heard nothing from this last son; then he, too, started to search for his missing family. Five years had he now "spent in farthest Greece, roaming clean through the bounds of Asia, and coasting homeward, came to Ephesus; hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought or that, or any place that harbors men." The Duke, wishing that he might release Ægeon after hearing his sad story, grants him a day's reprieve in order that he might if possible borrow the money for his ransom.

Unknown to Ægeon and unknown to each other, both

the sons and their slaves are in the city of Ephesus. Antipholus of Syracuse has just arrived, and being told by a friend that a merchant of Syracuse has been apprehended and condemned to death, announces that he is from Epidamnum. The other son has his home in Ephesus and is in great favor with the Duke, who had married him to Adriana, a lady of rank. Dromio of Ephesus is sent by his mistress to summon his master to dinner and meeting Antipholus of Syracuse delivers the message to him. Antipholus, thinking it is his own slave joking with him, beats him.

ACT II

Adriana, after listening to the slave's story of his master's actions, herself goes to seek him. She meets Antipholus of Syracuse and makes the same error as to his identity, but she succeeds in persuading him to accompany her home to dinner. Dromio of Syracuse is set to guard the gate and to deny entrance to all visitors.

ACT III

Antipholus of Ephesus returns home accompanied by Balthazer and is angry to find that he cannot enter his own house, but he is persuaded by his friend to go to an inn for dinner and to return later in the evening. Within the house Antipholus of Syracuse protests that some mistake has been made and addresses pretty speeches to Luciana, sister of Adriana, instead of to Adriana. Dromio of Syracuse is also claimed as a husband by the kitchen-maid. A tradesman, Angelo by name, confuses the two Antipholuses and delivers a gold chain to the Syracusan which had been ordered by the Ephesian.

ACT IV

Antipholus of Ephesus is arrested for refusing to pay for the chain, and meeting Dromio of Syracuse as he is being led to jail, he sends him to his home for money.

Dromio of Syracuse gets the money but in returning with it falls in with his own master and gives it to him. The two Syracusans, believing themselves bewitched, prepare for a hasty departure. Adriana believes her husband and his slave to be mad and has them placed under restraint.

ACT V

Two merchants and Adriana, seeing Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse on the street, believe them to be the Ephesians, and they are obliged to seek sanctuary in a priory. The abbess protects them. Adriana resolves to complain to the Duke and ask him to force the abbess to yield her husband to her. The Duke is passing just at this time on his way with Ægeon to the place of execution, where the latter is to pay the death penalty. While Adriana is speaking to the Duke, Antipholus and Dromio of Ephesus, having escaped from their captors, rush up and call upon the Duke to do them justice. Ægeon thinks these are the son and slave whom he had brought up and is surprised when he is not recognized. At this moment the abbess and the Syracusans come from the priory and the errors are straightened out. The abbess proves to be Ægeon's long-lost wife, Æmilia. Antipholus of Ephesus is reconciled to his wife, and Antipholus of Syracuse renews his suit with Adriana's sister. The Dromios rejoice over their reunion.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

ACT FIRST

Scene I

A hall in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Ægeon, Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars 11
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us
It hath in solemn synods been decreed

8. A *guilder* was a coin valued from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings.—H. N. H.

Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again: if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies, 20
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home, 30
And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been imposed
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offense,
I 'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased 40
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,

42. *"Epidamnum."* The Ff. have *Epidamium,* but this is less

Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself, almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arrived where I was.
There had she not been long but she became 50
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burthen, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return: 60
Unwilling I agreed; alas! too soon
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which though myself would gladly have embraced, 70

likely to be Shakespeare's form than Epidamnum, which is used in Warner's translation of the *Menæchmi*.—C. H. H.

Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, for other means was none:
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast, 80
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapors that offended us; 90
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

79. *"The latter-born"*; line 125 below seems to imply that this should be "elder-born," a change adopted by Rowe; but probably "the children became exchanged in the confusion during the breaking-up of the ship."—I. G.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.
Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us! 100
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up 111
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd, 120
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.
Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favor to dilate at full

What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.
Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother: and importuned me
That his attendant—so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labor'd of a love to see, 131
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbors men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live. 140
Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honor's great disparagement,
Yet will I favor thee in what I can. 150
Therefore, merchant, I 'll limit thee this day
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,

And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.
Jailer, take him to thy custody.

Jail. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The Mart.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, Dromio of Syracuse, and First Merchant.

First Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee. 10
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I 'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy, 20
Lightens my humor with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

First Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I 'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city. 31

First Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content. [*Exit.*

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself. 40

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.
What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

41. *"The almanac of my true date,"* because both were born in the same hour.—I. G.

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray, 51
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray:
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humor now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how darest thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody? 61

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,

64. *"I shall be post indeed";* a post stood in the middle of the shop, on which the scores of the customers were *scored,* or marked with chalk or notches.—I. G.

66. *"Clock";* Pope's emendation for *"cook,"* the reading of the Folios.—I. G.

And strike you home without a messenger.
Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee? 70
Dro. E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me.
Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.
Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner:
My mistress and her sister stays for you.
Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed: 80
Where is the thousand marks thou had'st of me?
Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.
Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?
Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face, 91
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.
Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake hold your hands!
Nay, an you will not, sir, I 'll take my heels.
[*Exit.*
Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body, 100
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I 'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

The house of Antipholus of Ephesus

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he 's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and when they see time,
They 'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.
Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door. 11
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There 's none but asses will be bridled so.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There 's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects and at their controls:
Men more divine, the masters of all these, 20

Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I 'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear. 31

Adr. Patience unmoved! no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;
But, if thou live to see like right bereft, 40
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

41. Probably meaning a patience so foolish as to cause one to be begged for a fool; referring to the old custom of soliciting the guardianship of fools and idiotic persons with a view to come at their revenues. The king, being the legal guardian of such persons, might make over the trust to whom he pleased; and relatives or other interested parties would beg the office, and, no doubt, often made or imagined the folly they wanted to have the care of. See Love's Labour's Lost, Act v. sc. 2, note 31.—H. N. H.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?
Dro. E. Nay, he 's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.
Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?
Dro. E. Aye, aye, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.
Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not 50
feel his meaning?
Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.
Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.
Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.
Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!
Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.
When I desired him to come home to dinner, 60
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
"'Tis dinner-time,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'My gold?' quoth he,

'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'
'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burn'd;' 'My gold!' quoth he:
'My mistress, sir,' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!'

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master: 70
'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress.'
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head. 80

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:

82. He plays upon the word *round,* which signifies spherical, as applied to himself; and *free in speech,* as regards his mistress. To be round with anyone is to be plain spoken.—H. N. H.

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. [*Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it: 90
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That 's not my fault; he 's master of my state:
What ruins are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale, 100
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it hence!

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;
Or else what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promised me a chain;
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see the jewel best enameled
Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still, 110
That others touch, and often touching will

109–113. These lines read as follows in the Folio:—

"I see the Iewell best enameled
Will loose his luster; yet the gold bides still

Wear gold: and no man that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I 'll weep what 's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A public place

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out
By computation and mine host's report.
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

That others touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name," &c

The change of *where* to *wear* in the last line has been generally accepted, as also *and though* for *yet* in the second line; *yet* for *and* in the third; *and so a man* for *and no man* in the fourth; Warburton paraphrases this passage thus emended:—"Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often *touching* (*i. e.* assaying) will wear even gold; just so the greatest character, though as pure as gold itself, may in time be injured by the repeated attacks of falsehood and corruption." The Cambridge editors wisely abstain from these wholesale emendations, though so far no satisfactory explanation has been given of the lines. May not the meaning of the passage depend on some such interpretation as this:—The wife (the jewel) soon loses her beauty and ceases to attract, but man (the gold) still stands the test, assayed by other women, and although gold wears out if assayed too often, yet a man of good reputation is not shamed by his falsehood and corruption. "Wherefore," says Adriana, "since I (the jewel) cannot please his eye, I'll weep what's left away," &c.—I. G.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, sir! is your merry humor alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner? 10
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein: 20
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*Beating him.*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,

Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport, 30
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten? 40

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Aye, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the second time on me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?
Well, sir, I thank you. 50

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

Dro. S. Marry sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I 'll make you amends next, to give you

nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir; what 's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry. 60

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there 's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himself. 70

Ant. S. Let 's hear it.

Dro. S. There 's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit. 80

Ant. S. Why, but there 's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity. 90

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge. 100

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: 110
But, soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

90. *"Jollity"*; Staunton suggested that the reading is an error for *"policy,"* and the reading has been adopted by some modern editors. —I. G.

Adr. Aye, aye, Antipholus, look strange and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.
The time was once when thou unurged wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savor'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved to thee. 120
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear selfs better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing, 130
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,

120. As the line stands, it reads as an Alexandrine. Walker suggested *carv'd thee* for *carved to thee;* others propose the omission of *to thee;* neither change seems desirable.—I. G.

Ant. of S. "Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk; '

The Comedy of Errors. Act 2, Scene 2.

And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow? 140
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live distain'd, thou undishonored.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old, 150
As strange unto your town as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows, 160

148. *"I live distain'd, thou undishonored";* so read the Folios; *distain'd* has been changed to *unstain'd* in most modern editions; Heath proposed *"I live distained, thou dishonored."* The line as it stands in the text seems to mean, "I live distained (*i. e.* stained), if untrue to my marriage vows; you, however, live undishonored, however false you may be."—I. G.

Denied my house for his, me for his wife.
Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?
Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.
Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.
Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.
Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names?
Unless it be by inspiration.
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity 170
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss; 180
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

176. So Milton's Paradise Lost, b. v.: "They led the *vine* to wed her *elm:* She, spous'd, about him twines her marriageable arms." Thus also in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream:* "The female ivy so enrings the barky fingers of the elm." Mr. Douce observes that there is something extremely beautiful in making the vine the lawful spouse of the elm, and the *parasite* plants here named its *concubines.* See also Ovid's tale of Vertumnus and Pomona.—H. N. H.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I 'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner. 190
This is the fairy land: O spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls, and sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They 'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why pratest thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

187. *"this sure uncertainty," i. e.* "This to her surely a thing uncertain."—I. G.

192. The second Folio reads *"and Elves Sprites,"* which Rowe altered to *"Elvish sprites,"* a reading adopted by most editors.—I. G.

Theobald changed *owls* to *ouphes* in this passage most unwarrantably. It is those *unlucky birds,* the striges or *screech-owls,* which are meant. It has been asked, How should Shakespeare know that screech-owls were considered by the Romans as witches? Do these cavilers think that Shakespeare never looked into a book? Take an extract from the *Cambridge Latin Dictionary,* 1594, 8vo., probably the very book he used: "Strix, a *scritche owle;* an unluckie kind of bird (as they of old time said) *which sucked out the blood of infants lying in their cradles;* a witch, that changeth the favor of children; *an hagge or fairie."* So in *The London Prodigal,* a comedy, 1605: "Soul, I think I am sure crossed or *witch'd with an owl."* —H. N. H.

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?
Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.
Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.
Dro. S. No, I am an ape. 200
Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.
Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man and master laughs my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.
Husband, I 'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks. 210
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised!
I 'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.
Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Aye; and let none enter, lest I break your pate. 220
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.
[*Exeunt.*

201. *"'tis to an ass"*; the words remind one of Bottom's transformation in the *Midsummer Night's Dream.*—I. G.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here 's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house.
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this? 10

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;
That thou beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.
Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.
Ant. E. You 're sad, Signior Balthazar; pray God our cheer
May answer my good will and your good welcome here. 20
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.
Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.
Bal. Good meat, sir, is common: that every churl affords.
Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that 's nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.
Ant. E. Aye, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft! my door is lock'd.—Go bid them let us in. 30

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

Dro. S. [*Within*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,
When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door!

Dro. S. [*Within*] Right, sir; I 'll tell you when, an you 'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not dined to-day. 40

Dro. S. [*Within*] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keepest me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. [*Within*] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name!
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

32. *"patch,"* fool. The word was used both with reference to the motley of a fool or jester, and to patched clothes.—C. H. H.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*Within*] What a coil is there, Dromio? who are those at the gate!

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. [*Within*] 'Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh! 50
Have at you with a proverb;—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. [*Within*] Have at you with another; that 's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. [*Within*] If thy name be call'd Luce,—Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you 'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. [*Within*] I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. [*Within*] And you said no.

Dro. E. So, come, help: well struck! there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. [*Within*] Can you tell for whose sake?

47. *"for an ass."* Collier needlessly altered to *for a face,* partly on the ground of rhyme. But *ass* in Eliz. Eng. was a passable rhyme to *face* (as to *ace* which often contains a pun on *ass*). Dromio means that if Dromio S. had been in his place when he was flogged, instead of stealing the name Dromio he would have been glad to get rid of it, or else have proved himself an ass.—C. H. H.

53. *"If thy name be called Luce": "Luce"="pike";* there is perhaps a play upon "pike" in the sense of "spear," *cp. "Shall I set in my staff?"* line 51.—I. G.

54. Probably a line has been lost rhyming with this; the rhyming word was perhaps *rope.*—I. G.

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [*Within*] Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You 'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. [*Within*] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town? 60

Adr. [*Within*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. [*Within*] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. [*Within*] Your wive, sir knave! go get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this 'knave' would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin. 70

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something: I 'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Break any breaking here, and I 'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;
Aye, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. [*Within*] It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here 's too much 'out upon thee!' I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Aye, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I 'll break in: go borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there 's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we 'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir: O, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honor of your wife.
Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be ruled by me: depart in patience,

And let us to the Tiger all to dinner;
And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it, 100
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever housed where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle: 110
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest, without desert—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner. [*To Ang.*] Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;
For there 's the house: that chain I will bestow—
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me, 120
I 'll knock elsewhere, to see if they 'll disdain me.

108. One would suppose it should be in despite of *grief:* but the man is in a state of mind, that *mirth* is *grievous* to him.—H. N. H.

Ang. I 'll meet you at that place some hour hence.
Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same.

Enter Luciana, with Antipholus of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator; 10
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word. 20
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife;
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,— 30
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labor you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me, then, and to your power I 'll yield. 40
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I 'll take them, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think 50
He gains by death that hath such means to die:
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No; 60
It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

54. *"Mated"* means *matched with a wife,* and *confounded.* A quibble is intended.—H. N. H.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.
Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. 70
[*Exit.*

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?
Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?
Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.
Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.
Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself? 80
Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.
Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

66. *"I am thee"*; this reading of the Folio may surely, without risk, be emended:—*"I aim thee," i. e. "I aim at thee"*; the transitive use of *aim* is found in Elizabethan writers.—I. G.

Ant. S. What is she? 90

Dro. S. A very reverent body; aye, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say Sir-reverence. I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she 's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, 100 her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter; if she lives till doomsday, she 'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That 's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could 110 not do it.

Ant. S. What 's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that 's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than from

114. Of course there is a quibble between *a Nell* and *an ell;* referring to an ell Flemish, which is three quarters of a yard.—H. N. H.

hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of the body stands Ire- 120
land?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England? 130

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. 'Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

129. *"armed and reverted, making war against her heir";* Folio 2 substituted *hair* for *heir,* but the play upon words is the whole point of the passage, an allusion being intended to the War of the League against Henry of Navarre, the heir of Henry III of France, whose cause was supported by Elizabeth; in 1591 she sent a body of 4,000 men under Essex to help him. "Mistress Nell's brazen forehead seemed to push back her rough and rebellious hair, as France resisted the claim of the Protestant heir to the throne."—Clarke.

English enthusiasm for Henry of Navarre found expression, too, in Shakespeare's *Love's Labor's Lost.*

As regards the peculiar use of *reverted, i. e.* "turned back," Schmidt suggests that there may be a play upon the sense of "fallen to another proprietor."—I. G.

Dro. S. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose. 140

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left 150 arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made
of faith, and my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtal dog,
and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently, post to the road:
An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbor in this town to-night:
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none, 159
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife.
[*Exit.*

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul

152. Alluding to the popular belief that a great share of *faith* was a protection from witchcraft.—H. N. H.

Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong, 170
I 'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo with the chain.

Ang. Master Antipholus,—
Ant. S. Aye, that 's my name.
Ang. I know it well, sir: lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.
Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?
Ang. What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.
Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have. 179
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I 'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.
Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.
Ang. You are a merry man, sir: fare you well.
[*Exit.*
Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there 's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts, 189
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I 'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

A public place.

Enter Second Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importuned you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I 'll attach you by this officer.
Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus;
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock 10
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus from the courtezan's.

Off. That labor may you save: see where he comes.
Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end: that will I bestow

Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, soft! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me. 20

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year: I buy a rope. [*Exit.*

Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humor, here 's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more 30
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

21. *"I buy a thousand pound a year";* some point in these words, familiar to Shakespeare's audience, is lost to us, and no satisfactory explanation has as yet been given, though Halliwell's comparison of the line with *3 Henry VI* II. ii. 144, is noteworthy:—

"A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself."—I. G.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself? 40

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it, 50
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Sec. Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me;—the chain!

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath.
Come, where 's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Sec. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.

Good sir, say whether you 'll answer me or no:
If not I 'll leave him to the officer. 61

Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Sec. Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me. 70

Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail. 80
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the bay.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,

And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraught-
age, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind 90
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at
all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peev-
ish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a
rope,
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure.
And teach your ears to list me with more
heed. 101
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That 's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone!
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Sec. Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.*

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her hus-
band: 110

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfill.
[*Exit.*

Scene II

The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation madest thou, in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.
Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were. 10
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

6. The allusion is to those meteors which have sometimes been thought to resemble armies meeting in the shock of battle. The following in the second book of *Paradise Lost* best explains it:

"As when, to warn proud cities, war appears,
Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of heaven the welkin burns."—H. N. H.

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move,
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.
Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind; 21
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here! go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now, make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast. 30
Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. No, he 's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;

35. *"A fiend, a fury"*; the Folios read *"fairy,"* corrected by Theobald, who has been followed by most editors, including the Cambridge editors; a strong case can, however, be made for the original reading.—I. G.

A wolf, nay, worse; a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well:
One that, before the Judgment, carries poor souls to hell. 40

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
But he 's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. [*Exit Luciana.*] This I wonder at,
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing; 50
A chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone:

40. *"Hell"* was the cant term for prison. There was a place of this name under the Exchequer, where the king's debtors were confined.—H. N. H.

49. *"Band,"* that is *bond.* Shakespeare takes advantage of the old spelling to produce a quibble.—H. N. H.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, 'a turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he 's worth to season.
Nay, he 's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way, 61
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter Luciana with a purse.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there 's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit,—
Conceit, my comfort and my injury.
[*Exeunt.*

61. *"If Time be in debt";* the Folios read *"If I,"* where *I* is probably an error for *'a* (*i. e. he*) or *he;* the reading in the text is Rowe's emendation.—I. G.

Scene III

A public place.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There 's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend:
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles, 10
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here 's the gold you sent me for. What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?

Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise,

11. *"Lapland sorcerers."* Lapland was the subject of much Elizabethan legend. Fletcher in *The Chances* relates that they there "sell men winds for dead drinks and old doublets"; Milton refers to "Lapland witches," Marlowe to "Lapland giants."—C. H. H.

13. *"What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?" "The picture of old Adam"*= the sergeant, who was clad *"in buff"*; in Elizabethan slang this latter phrase was used in the sense of

but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty. 20

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a sob and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What, thou meanest an officer? 30

Dro. S. Aye, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, 'God give you good rest!'

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to- 40

"bare skin," *i. e.* "naked"; hence the quibble. *New-apparelled* offers some difficulty, and depends on the general construction of the whole line. It has been ingeniously suggested that the idea is "got him a new *suit,*" *i. e.* "got rid of him." On the other hand, there is a possibility that the phrase *"What have you got?"* is a vulgarism for *"What have you done with?"* Theobald proposed to read *"What, have you got rid of the picture,"* &c. In the latter cases *new-apparelled* must be regarded as merely a descriptive epithet, the whole phrase *"the picture of old Adam new-apparelled"* being an elaborate circumlocution for "sergeant."—I. G.

night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus,
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promised me to-day? 50

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say, 'God damn me;' that 's as much to say, 'God make me a light wench.' It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn: 60 ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We 'll mend our dinner here?

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

64. *"We'll mend our dinner," i. e.* "we'll buy something more for our dinner."—I. G.

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping? 70
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised,
And I 'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: and if you give it her, 80
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. 'Fly pride,' says the peacock: mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.*

Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now. 90

77. *"a drop of blood";* probably an allusion to Faustus' signature of the bond in his blood. Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* had been written a year or more before this Comedy, and the English version of the *Faustbuch* (reprinted 1592) may also already have appeared. —C. H. H.

The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce 99
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

Scene IV

A street.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and the Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I 'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here 's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where 's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I 'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient: I am in adversity. 20

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou are sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return: nay, 30

I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont 40
her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed
me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming
yonder.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and Pinch.

Dro. E. Mistress, 'respice finem,' respect your
end; or rather, the prophecy like the parrot, 'beware the rope's-end.'

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beating him.*

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband
mad? 50

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

46. *"The prophecy like the parrot, beware the rope's-end";* the Cambridge editors most ingeniously conjecture that we should read:—

"or, rather, 'prospice funem,' beware the rope's-end.
Antipholus of E. Wilt thou still talk like the parrot?"

Dyce proposed, *"or, rather, to prophecy, like,"* &c.

Parrots were taught uncomplimentary remarks in Elizabethan times, as they are at present; there are many allusions to the very phrase in the text: Ralpho, in Butler's Hudibras,

"Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak, but think contrary clean;
What member 't is of whom they talk,
When they cry rope, and walk, knave, walk."—I. G.

56. This *tremor* was anciently thought to be a sure indication of being possessed by the devil. Caliban in *The Tempest* says—"Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy *trembling.*"—H. N. H.

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. [*Striking him.*

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man, 60
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven!

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house? 70

Adr. O husband, God doth know you dined at home;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

Ant. E. Dined at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid, rail, taunt, and scorn me? 80

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorned you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity you did; my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigor of his rage.

Adr. Is 't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humors well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you, 89
By Dromio here, who have came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might;
But surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room. 100

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.
Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I 'll pluck out these false eyes, 110
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company! The fiend is strong within him.
Luc. Aye me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou jailer, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?
Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.
Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.
[*They offer to bind Dro. E.*
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer? 120
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?
Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,

The debt he owes will be required of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. O most unhappy day!
Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet! 130
Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.
Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?
Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master: cry, The devil!
Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.
[*Exeunt all but Adriana, Luciana, Officer and Courtezan.*
Say now; whose suit is he arrested at?
Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?
Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?
Off. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him. 141
Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring—
The ring I saw upon his finger now,—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, jailer, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse with his rapier drawn, and Dromio of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.
Adr. And come with naked swords. 151
Let 's call more help to have them bound again.
Off. Away! they 'll kill us.
[*Exeunt all but Ant. S. and Dro. S.*
Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.
Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.
Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.
Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us no harm: you saw they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks they are 160 such a gentle nation, that, but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.
Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

A street before a Priory.

Enter Second Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.
Sec. Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Sec. Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck, 10
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I 'll speak to him;
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And, not without some scandal to yourself,

With circumstance and oath so to deny
This chain which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy, 20
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me; can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.

Sec. Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Sec. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou livest
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I 'll prove mine honor and mine honesty, 30
Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.

Sec. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house!
This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd!
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.*

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast, 40
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Sec. Mer. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye 50
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, so I did.
Abb. Aye, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

46. *"And much different,"* &c., the second Folio, for the sake of the meter, reads *much much;* a reading which does not commend itself; *too much* has been conjectured. The line as it stands is certainly doubtful; *different* does not occur in Shakespeare.—I. G.

Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too. 60
Abb. Aye, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamors of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth. 70
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what 's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair; 80
And at her heels a huge infectious troop

66. *"Glancéd it"*; Pope's conjectural *at it* is unnecessary, though *glance* in the sense *to hint,* used transitively, does not otherwise occur; Folio 1 does not elide the *ed* of *glanced.*—I. G.

79. *"But moody and dull melancholy"*; something is obviously amiss with the line; *moody moping* has been suggested. *Kinsman* in the next line is used in its general sense of *akin,* which some editors have unnecessarily substituted; it has even been changed to *kins-woman.*—I. G.

81. This *"her,"* referring to *kinsman,* seems to have puzzled the

Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof. 90
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labor in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself; 100
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

commentators. It was no very wonderful thing for such words to be applied to females. Thus in *The Merchant of Venice* Portia says,—"But now I was the *lord* of this fair mansion, *master* of my servants."—H. N. H.

A charitable duty of my order.
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness 110
To separate the husband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him. [*Exit.*
Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.
Sec. Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I 'm sure, the Duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale, 120
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Ang. Upon what cause?
Sec. Mer. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offense.
Ang. See where they come: we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke, attended; Ægeon bareheaded; with the Headsman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly, 130
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,— 140
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And with his mad attendant and himself, 150
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly went on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.

Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help. 160

Duke. Long since thy husband served me in my wars;
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor, 170
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever, as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;

170. *"Beaten the maids,"* &c., *i. e. have beaten;* but the previous verb has *are,*—a confusion of constructions which causes little difficulty, and fairly common in Elizabethan English.—I. G.

175. The heads of fools were shaved, or their hair cut close, as appears by the following passage in *The Choice of Change,* 1598. "Three things used by monks which provoke other men to laugh at their follies. 1. They are *shaven* and *notched* on the head *like fooles."* Florio explains, *"zuccone,* a shaven pate, a notted poll, a poll-pate, a gull, a *ninnie."*—H. N. H.

And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here;
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true; 180
I have not breathed almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face and to disfigure you.
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with halberds!

Adr. Aye me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
And now he 's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious Duke, O, grant me justice! 190
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,

That hath abused and dishonor'd me
Even in the strength and height of injury: 200
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he and my sister
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul
As this is false he burthens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth! 211

Ang. O perjured woman! They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then; 220
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,

205. *"Harlot"* was a term anciently applied to a rogue or base person among men, as well as to wantons among women.—H. N. H.

I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer. 230
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave, 241
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately 250

Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Sec. Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart: 261
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls;
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
And this is false you burthen me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup. 270
If here you housed him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?
Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your Grace.
Duke. Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess hither. 280
I think you are all mated, or stark mad.
[*Exit one to the Abbess.*
Æge. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.
Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?
Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:
Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound. 290
Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.
Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?
Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.
Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.
Æge. O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last,
And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
Ant. E. Neither. 301
Æge. Dromio, nor thou?
Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.
Dro. E. Aye, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.
Æge. Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares? 310
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.
Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.
Æge. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy, 320
Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,
Thou shamest to acknowledge me in misery.
Ant. E. The Duke and all that know me in the city
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.
Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

310. *"My feeble key of untuned cares"; i. e.* "the feeble tone of my voice, which gives utterance to nothing but unharmonious grief."—I. G.

Abb. "Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty."

Comedy of Errors. Act 5, Scene 1.

Re-enter Abbess, with Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to see them.*
Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me. 331
Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?
Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.
Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.
Ant. S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?
Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty. 340
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burthen two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!
Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of Epidamnum he and I
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up; 350
But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children, 360
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first?
Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.
Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—
Dro. E. And I with him.
Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband? 370
Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.
Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. [*To Luciana*] What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.
Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not. 381
Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me.
I see we still did meet each other's man;
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me;
And thereupon these ERRORS are arose.
Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you. 391
Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and till this present hour 401
My heavy burthen ne'er delivered.
The Duke, my husband, and my children both,

388. *"These* ERRORS *are arose,"* so the Folios; *are* has been variously changed by scholars into *all, rare,* but no change is necessary; as far as rhythm is concerned the Folio reading is certainly preferable.—I. G.

400. *"Thirty-three years";* this reading of the Folios has been changed to *twenty-five* by most editors, following Theobald, who calculates the age of the twins by putting together what Ægeon says in Act I. i. 125 and in line 320 of Act V. Capell suggested *twenty-three,* from Act. I. i. line 125 and line 133. On the other hand, the Duke states in line 326 of the present Act that he has been patron to Antipholus for "twenty years"; it looks as though Shakespeare changed his idea as to the age of the twins towards the end of the play, without troubling to make all his references fit in with one another.—I. G.

And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I 'll gossip at this feast.
[*Exeunt all but Ant. S., Ant. E., Dro. S., and Dro. E.*

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur. 410

Ant. S. He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we 'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.
[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Ant. E.*

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.

404. *"And you the calendars of their nativity"; i. e.,* the two Dromios; *cp.* "Here comes the almanac of my true date," I. ii. 41.—I. G.

406. *"After so long grief, such nativity";* the laboring line harmonizes well with the emotion of the speaker; the line is evidently intended to be read as follows:—

"After | sō lōng | grīēf, süch | natív | ity."

There seems no reason for changing *nativity,* though Hammer's conjecture *felicity* has been accepted by most editors; Johnson proposed *festivity.*—I. G.

Dro. E. "Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth."

Comedy of Errors. Act 5, Scene 1.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?
Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder. 420
Dro. E. That 's a question: how shall we try it?
Dro. S. We 'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.
Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Advised, well informed of, deliberate concerning; V. i. 214.

Albeit, although; V. i. 217.

Amain, with might and main; I. i. 93.

Anatomy, skeleton; V. i. 238.

Angels; an angel was an English coin, worth about ten shillings; IV. iii. 43.

Apparently, obviously; IV. i. 78.

Armadoes, armadas; III. ii. 142.

A-row, in a row, one after another; V. i. 170.

Assured, affianced; III. ii. 147.

Attach, arrest; IV. i. 6.

Attaint, disgrace; III. ii. 16.

Austerely, seriously; IV. ii. 2.

Back-friend, an adversary; perhaps applied quibblingly to the sergeant, "because he comes from behind to arrest one"; IV. ii. 37.

Ballast, ballasted, loaded; III. ii. 143.

Band, bond (used equivocally); IV. ii. 49.

Beads, rosary; II. ii. 190.

Bear, carry off; V. i. 8.

Become, render becoming; III. ii. 11.

Belike, 'tis likely; IV. i. 25.

Bestow, employ, make use of; IV. i. 16.

Bestowed, stowed, deposited; I. ii. 78.

Bestrid; "b. thee," *i. e.* "defended thee when fallen"; V. i. 192.

Board, table; III. ii. 18.

Bought and sold, deluded and overreached by foul practices; III. i. 72.

By; "send me by some token"; a not uncommon Elizabethan idiom, meaning "give me some token whereby I may show that you have sent me"; IV. i. 56.

Caracks, galleons, large ships of burden; III. ii. 143.

Caract, carat; IV. i. 28.

Carcanet, necklace; III. i. 4.

Careful, full of care; V. i. 298.

Carriage, bearing; III. ii. 14.

Carved, made amorous gestures; II. ii. 120.

Case; "an action upon the *case* is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without force, and not especially provided for by law"; IV. ii. 42.

Cates, dainties; III. i. 28.

Charged, gave in charge; III. i. 8.

Chargeful, expensive; IV. i. 29.

Children (trisyllabic); V. i. 360.

Choleric; the choleric man was advised "to abstain from all salt, scorched, dry meats, from mustard, and such like things

as might aggravate his malignant humors"; II. ii. 63.

Circumstance, detail; V. i. 16.

Claim; "my heaven's claim," *i. e.* "all that I claim from heaven hereafter"; III. ii. 64.

Clean, entirely; I. i. 134.

Coil, ado; III. i. 48.

Coldly, coolly; V. i. 272.

Common; "make a c. of," *i. e.* "use as a play-ground"; II. ii. 29.

Compact of, wholly composed of; III. ii. 22.

Companion (used contemptuously), fellow; IV. iv. 64.

Conceit, conception; III. ii. 34; apprehension; IV. ii. 65.

Confiscate, confiscated; I. i. 21.

Confounds, destroys; I. ii. 38.

Confusion, ruin; II. ii. 182.

Consort, to keep company with; I. ii. 28.

Countermands, stops one going through; IV. ii. 37.

Cozenage, cheating; I. ii. 97.

Credit, credulity; III. ii. 22.

Curtail, having a docked tail; III. ii. 154.

Customers (used contemptuously), visitors, guests; IV. iv. 63.

Cuts; papers cut of unequal lengths, of which the longest was usually the prize; hence, "to draw cuts"="to draw lots"; V. i. 422.

Dankish, dampish; V. i. 247.

Deadly, deathly; IV. iv. 96.

Death; "the death," *i. e.* "death by judicial sentence"; I. i. 147.

Debted, indebted; IV. i. 31.

Deciphers, distinguishes; V. i. 334.

Decline, incline; III. ii. 44.

Declining, inclining; III. ii. 140.

Defeatures, disfigurements; II. i. 98; V. i. 299.

Deformed, deforming; V. i. 298.

Demean, conduct; IV. iii. 83.

Denied (followed by a tautological negative); IV. ii. 7.

Despite of; "in d. of mirth," *i. e.* "though I feel despiteful towards mirth"; III. i. 108.

Detain, withhold; II. i. 107.

Dilate, narrate; I. i. 123.

Disannul, annul; I. i. 145.

Discharged, paid; IV. i. 32.

Dispense with, put up with; II. i. 103.

Dispose, disposal; I. i. 21.

Disposed, disposed of; I. ii. 73.

Distain'd, sullied, disgraced; II. ii. 148.

Distemperatures, distempers; V. i. 82.

Distract, distracted; IV. iii. 42.

Diviner, sorceress; III. ii. 146.

Dowsabel, a poetic name, used occasionally in Elizabethan writers generically for a beautiful lass (*douce et belle*); ironically applied by Dromio of Syracuse to the wench whose real name is Nell; IV. i. 110.

Draws dry-foot, traces the scent of the game; "perhaps so called because, according to sportsmen, in water the scent is lost"; IV. ii. 39.

Dry, hard, severe; II. ii. 64.

Durance; v. "everlasting garment"; IV. iii. 28.

Earnest, used quibblingly with reference to the sense of "earnest-money"; II. ii. 24.

Ecstasy, frenzy, madness; IV. iv. 54.

Everlasting garment, alluding to "the buff jerkin" of the sergeant,—"a suit of durance" as it was called; IV. ii. 33.

Excrement, outgrowth (applied to hair); II. ii. 79.

Exempt, separated; II. ii. 173.

Fair, fairness, beauty; II. i. 98.

Faith; "breast . . . of faith"; ("flint" has been adopted by some editors, but there is not sufficient reason for the change; by faith men resisted a witch's power); III. ii. 153.

Fall, let fall; II. ii. 127.

Falsing, (?) apt to be falsified; II. ii. 95.

Fine and recovery, a legal term, said to be "the strongest assurance known to English law"; II. ii. 75.

Finger, "to put the f. in the eye," *i. e.* "to weep in a childish way"; II. ii. 206.

Fly pride, "a proverbial phrase, by which Dromio rebukes the woman, whom he thinks a cheat, for accusing his master of cheating"; IV. iii. 85.

Folded, concealed; III. ii. 36.

Fond, doting; II. i. 116.

Fondly, foolishly; IV. ii. 57.

Fool-begg'd, foolishly begged or demanded; II. i. 41.

Formal, ordinary, rational; V. i. 105.

Forswore, "forswore to have," *i. e.* "swore that he did not have"; V. i. 11.

Forth, "to find f." *i. e.* "to find out"; I. ii. 37; away from home; II. ii. 212.

For why, because; III. ii. 105.

Fraughtage, freight; IV. i. 87.

Genius, attendant spirit; V. i. 332.

Get within, close with, grapple with; V. i. 34.

Gillian = Juliana; III. i. 31.

Ginn = Jenny; III. i. 31.

Good now = good fellow now (others explain the phrase as equivalent to "well now"); IV. iv. 22.

Gossip, make merry; V. i. 407.

Gossiping, merry-making (with a probable reference to original sense, a sponsors' feast); V. i. 419.

Gossips, sponsors; V. i. 405.

Grain, "in grain," *i. e.* "ingrained, deeply dyed"; III. ii. 108.

Grained, furrowed (like the grain of wood); V. i. 311.

Growing, accruing; IV. i. 8.

Guilders, Dutch coins of the value of about two shillings; used in a general sense for "money"; I. i. 8.

Harlots, lewd fellows; V. i. 205.

Hatch, half-door, wicket; III. i. 33.

Healthful, full of safety; I. i. 115.

Heart's meteors, "alluding to those meteors in the sky (the aurora borealis) which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock"; IV. ii. 6.

Heir (with a play upon hair, *cf.* Preface); III. ii. 127.

Hell, used quibblingly; the cant term for an obscure dungeon; IV. ii. 40.

Helpless, unavailing; II. i. 39.

His, its; II. i. 110.

Hit of, hit on, guess; III. ii. 30.

HOLP, helped; IV. i. 22.
HORN-MAD, "mad like a wicked bull; generally used with a reference to cuckoldry"; II. i. 58.
HOST, "lay at h. in," *i. e.* "were put up at"; V. i. 410.
HOST, lodge; I. ii. 9.
HOY, a small vessel, a kind of sloop; IV. iii. 42.

IMPEACH, impeachment; V. i. 269.
IMPORTANT, importunate; V. i. 138.
INSTANCE, indication; I. i. 65.
INTESTINE, internal; I. i. 11.

JEST UPON, trifle with; II. ii. 28.
JUDGMENT, "before the J." there is perhaps a quibbling allusion in the phrase to what is called *mesne-process;* IV. ii. 40.

KITCHEN'D, entertained in the kitchen; V. i. 415.

LAPLAND; Shakespeare's sole reference to Lapland sorcerers (*cp.* Milton's "Lapland witches"); IV. iii. 11.
LASH'D, scourged (with perhaps a reference to "lashed" in the sense of "fastened, bound"); II. i. 15.
LETS, hinders; II. i. 105.
LIBERTIES, libertinisms, "l. of sin," *i. e.* "licensed offenders"; I. ii. 102.
LIGHT, wanton (used equivocally); IV. iii. 52.
LIMBO, a cant term for "prison," properly, "hell," or "the borders of hell"); IV. ii. 32.
LOVE-SPRINGS, shoots of love; III. ii. 3.

MACE, a sergeant's club; IV. iii. 29.
MADE, barred; III. i. 93.
MAKING, outward form; IV. ii. 22.
MALT-HORSE, a dull, heavy horse, like a brewer's, used contemptuously; III. i. 32.
MATED, used quibblingly in the sense of "confounded," and "given as a mate"; III. ii. 54.
MERMAID, siren; III. ii. 45.
MICKLE, much; III. i. 45.
MINION, favorite (used contemptuously), darling; IV. iv. 66; *pl.* II. i. 87.
MOME, buffoon; III. i. 32.
MOOD, anger; II. ii. 172.
MORRIS-PIKE, a Moorish pike; IV. iii. 29.
MORTAL, deadly; I. i. 11.
MOTIONS, proposals; I. i. 60.
MOVES, appeals to; II. ii. 183.

NATURE, natural affection; I. i. 35.
NEW-APPARELLED (*vide* Notes); IV. iii. 14.
NICKS, "n. him like a fool," alluding to the old custom of shaving, nicking, or notching the head of a professional buffoon; V. i. 175.

O'ER-RAUGHT, overcalled, cheated; I. ii. 96.
OF, out of, from; I. i. 131; "wreck of sea" (so first Folio, the rest "at sea") = off, out at sea; V. i. 49.
ON, "on night," *i. e.* "a-night"; V. i. 210.
ONCE THIS; "so much is certain"; III. i. 89.
ORDER, measures; V. i. 146.
OTHER, "no other cause," *i. e.*

"no cause to be otherwise"; II. i. 33.

Owe, own; III. i. 42.

Pack'd, leagued; V. i. 219.

Parcel, part; V. i. 106.

Part, depart; III. i. 67.

Partial, "I am not p. to infringe," *i. e.* "I am not so inclined in your behalf as to infringe"; I. i. 4.

Passage, the going to and fro of people; III. i. 99.

Patch, fool, jester; III. i. 32.

Peasant, servant; V. i. 231.

Peevish, foolish; IV. i. 93.

Penitent, doing penance; I. ii. 52.

Perdie, *par dieu!* IV. iv. 77

Perforce, by force; IV. iii. 99.

Peruse, survey; I. ii. 13.

Plainings, wailings; I. i. 73.

Please, pay; IV. iv. 52.

Porpentine, Porcupine (the only form of the word used by Shakespeare); III. i. 116.

Post, post-haste; I. ii. 63.

Post, used quibblingly; an allusion to keeping the score by chalk or notches on a post; I. ii. 64.

Presently, immediately; III. ii. 156.

Quit, remit; I. i. 23.

Rag, shred, particle; IV. iv. 92.

Rest; "sets up his rest"; Dromio plays on "rest," "arrest," and a metaphor, "setting up his rest," taken from gaming, and meaning "staking his all" upon an event; IV. iii. 28.

Reverted, turned back; III. ii. 126.

Road, harbor; III. ii. 156.

Round, used quibblingly in the sense of (1) "spherical," and (2) "plain-spoken"; II. i. 82.

Runs counter, follows the scent backward instead of forward; with a play perhaps upon "Counter," the name of two London prisons; IV. ii. 39.

Sconce, a helmet (originally a small fort, bulwark), applied also to the head itself; I. ii. 79; II. ii. 34; II. ii. 37.

Scorch, excoriate; V. i. 183.

Season, opportunity; "to s."= "at the opportune time"; IV. ii. 58.

Semblance (trisyllabic); V. i. 358.

Sensible (used equivocally in ordinary sense and in sense of "sensitive"); IV. iv. 28.

Sere, dry, withered; IV. ii. 19.

Shapeless, unshapely; IV. ii. 20.

Shrive, call to confession; II. ii. 210.

Sinking-ripe, ripe for sinking, ready to sink; I. i. 78.

Sir-reverence, a corruption of "save-reverence" (contracted into "sa'reverence") a translation of Lat. *salvâ reverentiâ; save-reverence* or *save your reverence* was considered "a sufficient apology for anything indecorous"; III. ii. 93.

Sob (first folio reads "fob," *i. e.* sob, probably an error for "fob," which was used by Elizabethan writers in the sense of a slight blow); IV. iii. 25.

Soon, nearly; "s. at five o'clock," *i. e.* "about five o'clock"; I. ii. 26.

Soothe, humor; IV. iv. 85.

Sorry, pitiable, sad; V. i. 121.

Sot, dolt; II. ii. 196.
Sour (dissyllabic; "sower" in the Folios); V. i. 45.
Spite, vexation; IV. ii. 8.
Spoon-meat (used equivocally, to introduce allusion to the proverb, "he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil"; IV. iii. 65.
Stale, "second woman," the one to fall back on if another is not to be had; II. i. 101.
Stands upon, concerns; IV. i. 68.
Stigmatical, marked or stigmatized with deformity; IV. ii. 22.
Stomach, appetite; I. ii. 49.
Stray'd, caused to stray; V. i. 51.
Strong; "s. escape," *i. e.* "escape effected by *strength,* or violence"; V. i. 148.
Strumpeted, made a strumpet of; II. ii. 146.
Stuff, baggage; IV. iv. 156.
Supposed, conjectured; III. i. 101.
Suspect, suspicion; III. i. 87.
Sympathized, mutually suffered; V. i. 397.

Take; "t. a house," *i. e.* "take sanctuary in a house"; V. i. 36.
Tartar, Tartarian; it is noteworthy that Tartarian was a cant term for "thief"; IV. ii. 32.
Tilting, v. Heart's Meteors.
Timely, speedy; I. i. 139.
Tiring, attiring; II. ii. 99.
To, of; III. ii. 170.
Took on him as, pretended to be; V. i. 242.
Train, entice; III. ii. 45.
Turn i' the wheel; "there is comprehended, under the curs of the coarsest kind, a certain dog in kitchen service excellent; for when any meat is to be roasted, they go into a wheel, which they turning round about with the weight of their bodies, so diligently look to their business, that no drudge nor scullion can do the feat more cunningly" (Topsell, *History of Four-footed beasts,* 1607); III. ii. 153.

Understand (used quibblingly with a play upon "understand" ="stand under"); II. i. 49.
Ungalled, unblemished; III. i. 102.
Unhappy, mischievous; IV. iv. 130.
Untuned, discordant; V. i. 310.

Vain, light of tongue; III. ii. 27.
Villain (used good-humoredly); I. ii. 19.
Vulgar, public; III. i. 100.

Waftage, passage; IV. i. 95.
Wafts, beckons; II. ii. 111.
Week; perhaps with a play upon "wick" (pronounced like "week"); III. ii. 103.
Well-advised, acting with due deliberation, in right mind; II. ii. 215.
When? Can you tell? "a proverbial inquiry indicating the improbability that the person addressed will get what he asks"; III. i. 52.
When as, whenas, *i. e.* when; IV. iv. 143.
Whether (monosyllabic, printed "whe'r" in the Folios); IV. i. 60.
Wink, to shut the eyes; III. ii. 58.
Wont, is wont (to bear); IV. iv. 40.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. What is the earliest reference to this play?

2. What points of external evidence are helpful in fixing the time of this play's writing?

3. From what is the main plot derived?

4. Indicate the leading points of difference between the Latin farce and this play?

5. What characteristic Shakespearean element does the Ægeon episode introduce?

6. From what point of view and in what way may the *Comedy of Errors* be regarded as a triumph of the New Romantic Drama over its opponents?

7. What are the evidences in the play itself that it is one of the poet's earliest performances?

8. What makes this play more diverting than the *Menœchmi* of Plautus?

9. In what more natural way than by a prologue does Shakespeare sketch the foundation story of the play?

10. Distinguish a farce from a comedy.

11. Is development of character to be expected in such a play as this? Give reasons.

12. What does Coleridge have to say of this farce?

13. What is the effect of Shakespeare's use of seriously impending tragic events in his early comedies? Cite and compare instances.

14. In what way are Luciana's passages distinctive?

15. How does Pinch accord with the setting of the play?

16. Why is Adriana a notable instance of the Poet's

insight into fundamental character? Has Adriana's discontent its modern counterpart?

17. What must always enter into the work of a true poet to prevent its being superficial? What element in this play keeps it from the pure superficiality of farce? If such an element gives it more weight in some respects, does it overweigh it, artistically, considered as pure farce?

18. What were probably the elements of nature and purpose that made Shakespeare write no other farce than this?

ACT I

19. Why was Ægeon to be beheaded?

20. What story did he tell?

21. What chance for his life did the Duke give him?

22. What does Antipholus of Syracuse send his Dromio to do?

23. Between whom is the first mistaken encounter in the play?

24. What message does Dromio of Ephesus deliver to Antipholus of Syracuse?

25. What does Dromio of Ephesus mean in line 64?

26. How does Antipholus of Syracuse receive the mistaken message? How does he serve Dromio of Ephesus for it?

ACT II

27. Are Adriana and Luciana distinctively characterized at their introduction?

28. How does Dromio of Ephesus describe his encounter with Antipholus of Syracuse to Adriana? How does she receive it?

29. What is Adriana's mood, and its cause?

30. Between which Dromio and which Antipholus is the encounter in scene ii? Describe it.

31. Into what state of mind does the tangle throw Antipholus of Syracuse and his Dromio, in scene ii after the entrance of Adriana and Luciana?

ACT III

32. What is the first complication involving all the doubles at once? Describe it.

33. What does Balthasar advise? Why does not Antipholus of Ephesus take his advice?

34. Where does Antipholus of Ephesus decide to go when he cannot get into his own house?

35. Does Adriana appear to give Antipholus of Ephesus some cause for occasionally going elsewhere for entertainment?

36. In what mood does Antipholus of Ephesus decide to take the gift intended for his wife, to the courtesan instead? What is the gift?

37. What impression does Luciana make on Antipholus of Syracuse?

38. How does she receive his protestations?

39. What does Dromio of Syracuse recount of his unwelcome adventure at Adriana's house?

40. Where does the incident of the gift to the Courtesan begin to take on importance in the plot?

ACT IV

41. Describe the further developments centering about the incident of the chain, in scene i. How do they involve Antipholus of Ephesus and his Dromio?

42. What is the comic element in Dromio of Syracuse calling the fat cook "Dowsabel" in line 110, scene ii? From what is the name derived?

43. What errand is Dromio of Ephesus sent upon, to Adriana, in scene ii?

44. What does Antipholus of Syracuse relate of his adventures in Ephesus, in scene iii?

45. With what performance does Dromio of Syracuse surprise his own master in this scene?

46. What person unknown to him accosts Antipholus of Syracuse as an acquaintance in scene iii? In connection

with this incident how does his wearing the chain Angelo has given him, further tangle the plot?

47. What does the Courtesan conclude as to the state of mind of Antipholus? What does she decide to do about it?

48. What mistaken encounter is described in scene iv? What comes of it?

49. Describe the diagnosis Dr. Pinch makes of the condition of Antipholus. What does it satirize?

50. What is the conclusion of all with regard to the condition of Antipholus of Ephesus and his Dromio? What is done with them accordingly?

51. What does the Courtesan tell of her ring?

52. What surprise immediately follows for the three women, as they stand conversing?

53. What does Antipholus of Syracuse decide he wishes to do as quickly as possible at the ending of this act?

ACT V

54. What next *contretemps* awaits Antipholus of Syracuse in scene i? What is its outcome?

55. How does Adriana prevent the fight between Antipholus of Syracuse and the Second Merchant?

56. What refuge do Antipholus of Syracuse and his Dromio take?

57. What does the Abbess do?

58. Is the Abbess's rebuke of Adriana justified? How does Adriana receive it? What is the dramatic use of the Abbess's rebuke?

59. Describe the final resolution of the play. Contrast its elements with the usual ones of farce.

60. Characterize the management of the resolution, as to disposition of groupings and interaction of motives leading to it. Is it balanced, smooth?—are the threads well and convincingly collected? Analyze in detail.

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